

THE AUSTRALIAN

Over 500,000 Copies Sold Every Week

June 6, 1942

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

PUBLISHED IN  
EVERY STATE

PRICE 3d

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY





# FORGOTTEN ITEM

By . . .

**A. V. Elston**

**Complete  
Short Story**

**T**HE late mail brought only one letter—from the War Department, Washington. John Broderick opened it eagerly. But after reading the few formal lines he felt a strange sense of futility.

Then the telephone rang. He answered, and heard the voice of his wife. "You haven't forgotten what day it is, John?" she asked.

"Of course not, Frieda."

"Dinner at seven, John. And, dear, I wish you'd stop by the five-and-ten on your way home. There's one item I failed to get."

"What is it, Frieda?"

"Write it down, John. You'll forget if you don't. Fifty cake candles, pink."

"Fifty cake candles, pink," Broderick repeated, and wrote it on the envelope.

"That's all, John. And please don't be late." His wife hung up.

For a few minutes Broderick sat staring out at the traffic. The feeling of futility still depressed him.

Now he turned to his desk, squaring himself resolutely before a stack of insurance policies that needed checking over. He could finish by six-thirty and still get home by seven. At five o'clock he heard his staff leave the outer offices.

At six-fifteen the door opened and three men stepped quietly in. They were Herman Gluck, Adolph Vortz and sly little Gussie Kraemer. Sight of them angered Broderick. They'd been here before, these three.

Broderick said coldly, "I told you fellows to stay out of here."

Herman Gluck smiled. "We think," he purred, "that perhaps you will like to reconsider."

Adolph Vortz echoed bluntly, "We are a committee to talk with you, Herr Broderick."

Broderick's voice was knife-sharp: "I'm telling you for the last time to get out!"

The little man, Kraemer, protested, "But our cause is good. You



a rich man are and you've asked you to subscribe is not much."

Broderick exploded, "Blast you! I'm an American. I was born right here in Wisconsin. And I'll see you to the devil before I subscribe to your dirty subversions. Now, get out before I toss you out on your necks!"

Kraemer took a backward step. But the cool and military Gluck stood his ground. "It is true," he conceded silkily, "that you were born in America. But your father was born in our homeland. And your wife, Frieda Streicht, was born there, too. Her parents still live there. So do two of her brothers."

Broderick saw it in a flash—the insidious threat. His eyes blazed a challenge. "Let me get this straight. If I don't join your society and subscribe money to it, you will report me to your masters in Europe. As a result, my children's grand-

parents and two of their uncles will be thrown into concentration camps. Is that it?" He stood up.

The fury in Broderick's voice made Vortz dip a hand to grip something lumpy in a coat pocket. Gluck gave a Continental shrug, murmuring, "You are an insurance man, Herr Broderick. So you should know that this for you will be good insurance."

Broderick had planned his first punch for Gluck. But the bulge at Vortz's pocket made him shift his attack. His fist shot hard to the chin of Vortz. All of John Broderick's battering-ram power erupted like a bomb in the teeth of Adolph Vortz.

Vortz buckled to the floor.

Then Broderick made a lunge at Gluck. Gluck side-stepped, evading neatly.

Broderick whirled to charge again. He swung with his right. It staggered Gluck and Broderick followed with a jolting jab to the stomach. Gussie Kraemer snatched a metal paperweight from a side table. He threw this with vicious aim and it struck Broderick in the left eye.

Half-blinded, as Broderick swayed against the desk he glimpsed Kraemer. The little man was stooping to take the pistol from the pocket of the semi-conscious Vortz.

As Kraemer came erect with the gun, Broderick twisted, to put Gluck between himself and Kraemer. Then he picked Gluck up bodily and hurled him at Kraemer. The impact knocked Kraemer hard against a wall. He collapsed there.

They were down and out now, all three of them. John Broderick dragged them, one at a time, to a cupboard, and locked them in there. Then he telephoned the police:

"This is John Broderick. Please come to my office at once, Sergeant, and bring an F.B.I. man with you."

Broderick had just finished making himself presentable when police officers came bursting in. Broderick explained the situation tersely. "Now, get this, gentlemen," he finished; "I'd rather not distress my wife. She'll worry herself sick if she hears about this—"

"Leave it to me," the F.B.I. man

cut in. He opened the cupboard door to glare in upon Kraemer, Vortz, and Gluck. "I know just how to handle these babies." "And I'll call your wife up, Mr. Broderick," the sergeant promised. "She knows you play handball at the Y twice a week. I'll say I was playing with you to-day and the ball hit you in the eye."

"THANKS," said Broderick. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm late for dinner."

Then he remembered there was something he was supposed to take home. He had made a note of it on the back of an envelope. He picked up the envelope from his desk and hurried out.

Shortly after seven o'clock John Broderick entered the big dining-room at his home. His entire family was grouped about the table—his wife Frieda, his two married daughters and their husbands, the sixteen-year-old twins, Gertrude and Ada, and Robert, home from college.

They were all chanting lustily, "Happy birthday, dear Daddy, happy birthday to you!"

"What happened to your eye, Dad?" young Robert demanded.

"He was playing handball at the Y," Frieda explained.

The cook brought in a huge cake with fifty burning candles on it. She placed it in front of John Broderick.

"I thought we told Daddy to bring pink candles, Mother," Gertrude chattered. "These are blue."

"No, you said blue," John Broderick protested. He was glad to divert the talk to anything so trivial. "I can prove it, because I wrote it down."

He brought from his pocket an empty envelope to consult a memo on the back. Then he grimaced. "You're right, dear. You did say pink."

But the address side of the envelope was towards the others. They could see that it was a franked envelope from the War Department at Washington.

Robert said, "What on earth would the War Department be writing you for?"

"Don't you remember, Robert?" his mother interposed. "Months ago your father wrote and offered his services to the Army. He was a World War captain, you know. And this, of course, is the answer. What do they say, John?"

The bruised eye of John Broderick looked proudly down the table. He could speak without bitterness, for that first sharp sting was gone now. "Their

answer, he explained, "is the form letter they send out to all men of my age."

It's polite, but what it means is that I'm too old to fight!"

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**FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT**



**Broderick made a  
furious lunge at Gluck.**



It was a new England, and in its changing needs she found her way to happiness.

# They Shall Return as Strangers

Wartime romance



"Can you lunch with me somewhere?" John asked Priscilla eagerly.

**W**HAT on earth do you want to stay in England for?" John asked. "You ought to clear out while you have the chance."

"I've always liked a front seat," Priscilla Holroyd answered coolly.

"This isn't the moment for flippancy," John told her. "We're at war. You and your sort get in the way."

Her sort. Beautifully dressed. With the long legs and the lovely teeth American girls seem to have as a birthright. She had money of her own. And she knew all the answers. There used to be quite a few like her drifting about London before the war.

John stood up and felt for his pipe in the pocket of his coat. He was in the R.A.F. He'd come back for twenty-four hours' leave to the rooms he'd lived in when he was a barrister. That seemed a very long time ago.

"If you were only going to scold me," Priscilla said, "why did you bother to ring me up?"

"I thought perhaps I could put some sense into your silly head," she smiled and lit a cigarette. She sat curled up in the corner of the sofa, as she had sat so many times before.

"You know why I've stayed in England," she said softly.

"You're wasting your time."

"But, John—you used to love me! We were even engaged!"

"That was a mistake," he replied brutally. "When I realised exactly how much of a mistake it was I told you so. Didn't I?"

"Oh, yes. You're a fine plain speaker."

"Then why didn't you go home?" he inquired.

"Because I didn't happen to think it was a mistake. It takes two to make a bargain, John."

"But only one to break it."

She sighed, staring up at him.

"I don't want to love you," she announced. "But somehow—I can't get out of the habit."

"You'd better take a course of mind training or something."

"Oh, John—why are you so sure it wouldn't work? What's wrong with me?"

"Everything, my dear Priscilla, ex-

cept your name. It's a nice name. Even my mother would think so."

"Meaning that she wouldn't think there was anything else nice about me?"

"Exactly."

"You never brought your mother into it before. I didn't even know you had one."

"A lot of things about me you didn't know."

"They had lived on the surface—before the war. Even their short engagement had been a lighthearted business, begun over a cocktail and celebrated at a nightclub. John had been different in those days. A gay young man with none of these grim purposeful ways about him."

"What has changed you?" Priscilla asked suddenly. "Or don't you know?"

"The war, I suppose," he answered. "A lot of things I used to laugh at don't seem funny any more. My mother pottering about the village at home, for instance. Going to church. Arranging jumble sales. I used to laugh at her, but now—Oh, and all sorts of things you wouldn't understand!"

"You haven't given me a chance to understand them?"

"However many chances I gave you it wouldn't be any good. That's the point, you see. You don't belong here. You don't fit into the pattern. You're out of key. Clothes, lipstick, voice, way of thinking—everything's all wrong."

"You used to like me because I was different," she said slowly.

"That was a long time ago. Now, Priscilla, I cling to the things I've always known. To the things with roots deep in the English soil I'm fighting for. You're a stranger. And I've no time for strangers any more."

Priscilla got up, pulling on her square-shouldered fur cape.

"Go back to America," John urged. "That's where you belong."

"No one has ever told me more plainly that I wasn't wanted," she said. "So I guess I'll have to say good-bye."

"You'll be better off among your own people."

"Maybe."

She went down the stairs and out into the street without saying anything more.

She couldn't sail at once, of course. You had to put your name down and wait for a passage. Meanwhile there were heaps of things to be done. Work for the American Red Cross. Bundles of clothes to be unpacked and distributed to bombed areas. Knitting wool to be sent to working parties. Reports to be written.

She wrote to John three times. Wild, pleading letters. Stupid letters, written with all her heart. He didn't even reply. She had known that he wouldn't. The gay friendly John who had danced and revolved with her was dead, and it was her own misfortune that she still loved the stern young fighter.

Her family wrote from America ordering her to come home. She tore the letters up. They cabled.

And she cabled back. "Impossible."

It was, too, until she could get a passage.

And then there was Max. He'd been the American correspondent of a Paris newspaper, and had only left France at the last minute. He was going back to America now, after a few months of free-lancing in England.

"We'll sail together," he said.

"If I sail," Priscilla corrected him.

"You've booked a passage."

"That doesn't mean a thing," she said airily.

"Listen, honey," argued Max. "You're going on board that boat if I have to kidnap you."

They argued about it for days. Max used to come and fetch her from the Red Cross depot at dusk. They would argue about it in the Underground and over dinner and in the taxi on the way back to Priscilla's flat in Kensington.

One night Max said, "I'm crazy

about you, Priscilla. You know that, don't you? You aren't dumb."

"It's no good, Max."

"Don't say that, Priscilla! Give me a chance. I haven't got a lot of cash at the moment, but I'm getting on. You'll be all right. We'll have a house in Bridgewater, a little apartment in New York. If you're so mad about England we'll come over here for vacations. How's that?"

"I can't come back with you, Max," she said. "I can't."

He spoke a different language from hers, nowadays. An unreal language. She didn't want a vacation in England. She wanted to live here.

"Priscilla—darling—"

"I'm sorry, but I can't do it," she repeated.

"Why not? If this fool of an Englishman is out of the picture—what's the reason?"

"I don't know," she said simply.

In the morning, before she went to the Red Cross depot, she cancelled her passage.

Then, a little shyly, she asked if she could be sent out of London. She was anxious to avoid more arguments with Max.

She was told of a children's home in the Cotswolds.

It was housed in a big old-fashioned country mansion. Only one bathroom, and a kitchen where Cromwell could have stabled his horses. More helpers were needed there. Would she like to go?

She would.

"It's hard work," the woman who was in charge of the depot told her. "Hard and dirty work. Miss Holroyd."

"I don't care."

The older woman still looked at her doubtfully. A good-time girl, Priscilla's clothes implied. A city girl. What would she make of a lonely country house? Still, there was no harm in trying.

Priscilla went to the Cotswolds in winter. And never before had she known what it meant to long for spring.

The big old house was cold. Central heating, Priscilla thought, would have been the only possible solution. On her first free afternoon she went into Cirencester and bought warm clothes with a passionate interest

hitherto reserved only for evening frocks. Woollen underwear. Woollen stockings.

"Me!" exclaimed Priscilla.

But they were a comfort. They made life bearable.

Even this queer life of hard work and endless emergencies was different, Priscilla found, when you were warmly clothed.

The children were a tough little crowd. From the East End they had come, and the slums of the industrial cities. The things they said startled Priscilla. She hadn't known that people could live as these children had lived. And yet she wasn't really surprised. It was as though, deep within her, some inner self had always been aware of mean streets and soot-blackened tenements.

She got on well with the children. As winter turned to spring she even began to like them. Soon, too, she came to take for granted the inconveniences of the rambling old house—the draughty rooms, the inadequate water supply, the incredible kitchen.

She realised how people had lived in this house. Little details like the rows of hot-water cans in the housemaid's pantry and the hip-baths stacked in the cellar built up the picture. And once again, oddly, she was not surprised.

There were four Englishwomen helping to run the home. At first they treated Priscilla with reserve. Her fashion-plate clothes, her elaborate make-up, her American accent—none of these suggested a capacity for hard work. And hard work was needed.

But gradually they grew friendly. Priscilla pulled her weight. And she wasn't as startling to look at as she had been. The warm clothes she had bought weren't smart. She didn't bother to make up much any longer. You didn't, at seven o'clock in the morning in an icy bedroom, when you had to go down at once and light the kitchen fire.

In the evening, when the children had gone to bed, the women sat about the fire in the sitting-room and talked and sewed and read. Priscilla learned to knit. Once she murmured, "Me! Knitting!" but not aloud.

Please turn to page 4

By ANNE VERNON



# Your duty to the CITIZENS OF TO-MORROW



It's so hard, now, to dream dreams. It's all so bewildering, when your outlook is bounded by the next news bulletin. And yet you want so much to take a part in shaping the world of to-morrow, to help make it clean and beautiful.

But it is less for yourself that you look ahead, hoping and planning, than for the young lives in your care.

The citizens of to-morrow look to you. And in shouldering this responsibility, your health is of paramount importance.

A Berlei foundation will help you to keep fit. A correctly fitted Berlei will hold internal organs in place, support tired sagging muscles, promote physical energy and serenity of mind. There's nothing quite so helpful to morale as this feeling of buoyant well-being.

## Berlei

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

BACK THEM UP: KEEP ON BUYING WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.

## They Shall Return as Strangers

Continued from page 3

SHE learned other things besides purl and plain. She listened to her colleagues' conversation and it was as though their quiet voices explained many things she hadn't understood.

They spoke slowly. They thought slowly. They wouldn't have known what to make of her quick wisecracks. There was a different tempo of life. And she learned to adapt herself to it.

She knew now what John had meant about her being a stranger. She had loved England—but she hadn't known it. She had only known a little bit of London and a couple of golf courses in the suburbs. But now she knew the towns from which the children came and the curious complicated pattern of country life.

Church and school, parish hall and manor house and Women's Institute—they all fell into place in the meandering conversation over the knitting needles. And once again she had the queer feeling of recognising all these things rather than seeing them for the first time.

Her mother wrote distractedly from America. She was terribly worried because her daughter was

land. But I have hopes of coming south soon.

Priscilla didn't answer this. About two weeks later she had a postcard from him saying that he had been transferred to an aerodrome near Bristol. He gave his address, but did not suggest a meeting.

So she waited. Doing nothing. Never, all her life, could she remember waiting for anything before.

It was on a spring morning that she saw him. She had been out walking with the children, and they were trailing back along the main road.

"Keep in!" she called to the children, shepherding them. "There's a car coming!"

She clutched anxiously at the little boy as the car approached.

The car slowed. Stopped. The children clustered about Priscilla. "Priscilla!" John said.

She looked up and, to her annoyance, blushed.

"Can you lunch with me somewhere?" John asked.

"I'm sorry—I'm on duty. But I could get away about two o'clock."

"Splendid! I'll come and call for you."

She hadn't time to change her clothes. John arrived while she was still helping to wash up. She tied a scarf around her head, pulled on her heavy coat and got into the car.

They drove slowly down the lanes.

"I think," John said at last, "that you owe me an explanation."

"Do I? What for?"

"This is a squerade. What made you do it? What have you done with the silver foxes and your silly hats?"

"Put them away."

"How long have you been here?" he asked abruptly.

"Three months."

"And when are you leaving?"

"After the war," she said quietly.

"You can't pretend you like the work."

"I do. It's hard, but it's interesting. And I've learned—such a lot."

He stopped the car and leaned back to stare at her. The same Priscilla—but somehow different.

"Why didn't you go back?" he asked. "You must have known that you and I had come to a full stop."

"I didn't stay in England because of you," she answered. "I stayed

## To You Who Mourn

All you who grieve, all you who mourn,

Know you all this: Your boy was born

Into a land that has been free.

Only because such men as he

Have seen it fit such price

to pay

That there be freedom in our day.

Know you all this, and do not grieve

That in his sacrifice he leave

The things he loved, so that they still

May be your lot, and that you will

Rejoice with him in duty done.

His life is lost! His Cause goes on!

By Private Wai Turner.

because there was work to be done. And because—I belong here."

"You don't. Your background and mine are poles apart. That was why I knew I couldn't marry you."

The spring afternoon was sunny and still. Magical.

"If you will drive me into Cirencester," Priscilla said, "I'll show you something."

The churchyard was empty. The grass over the graves was beginning to be green.

"What on earth—?" John asked.

"Wait," said Priscilla.

She led him to a corner where the headstones were old their inscriptions half-effaced.

"Look!" she cried. He read:

"Priscilla Holroyd, born 1720, died 1783."

"The beloved wife of Thomas Holroyd."

"My great-great-grandmother," Priscilla said. "Or thereabouts. It must have been her son. I think, who went to America. But it was she who called me back. What does it matter, John, where I was born? We came of the same stock. We believe in the same ideas. The details may be different—but aren't we related, after all?"

Standing in the quiet churchyard John saw suddenly that she was right. Her roots were set as deep in English soil as his—deeper perhaps. And she had stayed in England to pay an ancient debt—as thousands of others who came of English stock were paying it: the men who came from far countries to fight for a land they had never seen before; the women who sewed and knitted for the relief of towns they knew only by name.

"You seemed so much a stranger, before the war," John said. "I thought we had nothing in common. I couldn't see you settling down in England. You were right, Priscilla. You belong here, after all. And we belong together."

"You mean—" she stammered. But there was no need for further words. The churchyard was deserted. John took Priscilla in his arms.

"And to think I told you to go home!" he exclaimed.

"Home is where you find it," she said. "I came to England as a stranger, but—"

"You'll stay here as my wife," John told her.

(Copyright)

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Of course I missed you, honey! Why, every time I kissed another boy I imagined he was you."

still in England. She couldn't understand why Priscilla "had" to stay. But the letter ended: "It's funny you should be near Cirencester. Did you know that your father's family are supposed to have come from there, way back in seventeen hundred and something?"

Priscilla hadn't known. But now that she did know a little bit of the pattern seemed to fall into place. She went into the library and took a volume of Kipling from the shelves. There was a poem she had read long ago.

"I will call back my children, after certain days," she murmured.

"Under their feet in the grasses My clinging magic runs, They shall return as strangers, They shall remain as sons."

The little New England town where she had been born rose suddenly before her eyes. Bridgewater. But America had Boston, too, and Bideford, Portland and Portsmouth. More than you could count.

American towns, all of them, yet drawing something from England. Giving, in this hour of danger, something back to England.

She knew now why she had stayed. On Saturdays and Sundays the children went for walks.

Priscilla learned to know the country-side: the muddy field paths, the tracks through the woods, the little grey stone villages.

In February she picked snowdrops. She carried a bunch home with her, wrapped the stems in moss and packed them in a box. Then she wrote John a note. It was too short to be called a letter. And it was cool, friendly—nothing more.

John replied. Almost as briefly.

"Thank you for your charming thought," he wrote. "But why haven't you gone home yet? Can the English spring be such a compelling attraction? Incidentally, it hasn't reached us yet, here in Scot-

## As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Be cautious on June 7 until after noon, but from 2 p.m. to 9 p.m. make strong efforts towards gains of a modest nature. June 8 (evening) and June 9 (near 9 a.m. and 8 p.m.) very fair, too. June 9 (sunset) better noon.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Be mildly cautious on June 2 (morning). June 2 (evening) slightly helpful.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): June 2 (between dawn and 6 a.m.) very good, then difficult to noon, but good again after 9 p.m. June 4 good, but best around 8 p.m. Start new ventures.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): Help in realization of benefits by getting routine tasks in hand now.

**LEO** (July 22 to August 21): Very fair for you on June 2 (between 2 and 9 p.m. only); also June 8 (evening) and June 9 (near 9 a.m. and 8 p.m.).

**VIRGO** (August 22 to September 21): Be on guard against difficulties, worries and delays of annoyances, especially on June 5, 8, and 7 (morning). Do not make changes or take aggressive action.

**LIBA** (September 22 to October 21): Work hard, trying to make good on June 3 (except before dawn and from 7 to 10 a.m.). Best between dawn and 2.30 a.m.

and 9.30 and 11.30 p.m. June 4 (especially mid-evening) good, too.

**SCORPIO** (October 22 to November 21): Uneventful, but get routine tasks under control on June 5 (before 6 a.m.). June 2 (evening) fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): A separative influence this week, so guard your possessions, patience, temper, friendships, and manners. This is especially so on June 5 (morning, not noon), also on June 6 and June 7 (to 2 p.m.).

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 21): Uneventful, so avoid big changes and ventures. Routine tasks best June 2 (evening) and June 7 (near dawn) fair.

**AQUARIUS** (January 22 to February 21): Excellent opportunities for advancement, gains or favors and changes this week. Plan well and work hard, especially on June 3 (before 9 a.m. and after 9 p.m.) and June 4 (evening).

**PISCES** (February 22 to March 21): Live quietly to avoid disruption and annoyances or destruction, especially on June 5, 6, and 7 (morning).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]





## MURDER FOR TEA

**Gradually the net closes in on the murderer**

**T**HE taxi came. I gave the driver Aunt Lide's number. I said, "Please—as fast as you can!" He gave me a startled look and said, "Yeah—sure—you bet!"

We started off with a jerk and all the time as we speeded up Meridian Avenue I sat crouched back in the corner of the seat, striving desperately to keep my teeth from chattering.

I think that we must have established some sort of record that day for the driver looked pleased as he threw open the door. He said, "There you are, Miss" and "Want I should walk up to the door with you?" I fumbled for a dollar bill. I thanked him. I said I'd be all right now.

I was, too. Because Shawn was at home.

If he was surprised to have me burst in upon him in a state of frenzy, he didn't show it. He listened to my tale in silence and then called me names. He said, "Whoever gave you the idea you had to be taking the world into your confidence? Blurring out all you knew—over the telephone."

I said meekly that I'd only wanted to check on the ring and he said, "Check on it! Well, you did! And granting the premise of your story's a true one, I'm guessing that by this time it'll have gone the way of most incriminating evidence once the one it incriminates discovers its danger!"

Not long after that he calmed down a trifle. He said perhaps it hadn't been such a bad thing after all, always supposing I was right and it'd been the murderer who listened. It might, he said, his enthusiasm waxing higher, even turn out to be a good thing. Providing, of course, that I was able to stand up under it.

Stand up under what, I asked suspiciously, but he wouldn't tell me. He said I'd find out. Later. He was right. I did.

But just the same I thought Shawn had taken my news too coolly. I said, "Aren't you going to do something?" and he said "About what?"

**The story so far:**

**S**HAWN COSGRAVE, famous author of detective stories, and his wife KIT became involved in the investigation of three murders which followed in quick succession after their arrival in Nashona, Kit's home town.

The murdered persons, MRS. CHATTY PHILLIPS, TOM ROBERTSON, and his wife, EVE, were childhood friends of Kit, who tells the story.

Now read on:

It appalled me. I said, "Why, about the ring!"

Shawn said, "Darling, it wouldn't do any good. If it ever was important, you cooked the ring's goose all by your little self when you put in that telephone call."

"But don't you see?" I said. "It means that the person who killed Tom was the one who robbed Bethune's!"

"You don't know that," Shawn said evenly. "We can prove no more than that Robertson was in the habit of wearing that ring. Suppose the killer did take it from his finger. It doesn't follow that he'd wear it. He might have given it away or thrown it away—a third party could have picked it up and worn it."

I could have cried. I said, "But you know that it wasn't apt to be like that!"

"I know," Shawn said soberly. "But the devil himself couldn't prove it. And even if it could be proved who'd to say where the ring is now? A ring's a small thing for finding. And even if we strain the long arm of coincidence to the limit and grant that it was the murderer who stood behind that partition she'd be a fool not to do away with it now."

I said, "I'm sorry, Shawn," and he said hastily, "Don't be, darling. It's little enough you've got to be sorry about. The ring was a poor lead at best. As all the others have been."

I looked at him doubtfully.

"I mean all the tracing and analysing and fingerprinting in which the police delight has brought us nowhere. We know that Mrs. Phillips was poisoned with cyanide in a cup of tea, but we're not sure

where the cyanide came from nor who obtained it nor how. We know that it was probably administered through the medium of sugar but how trace sugar in a town whose every pantry contains it!"

He flung expressive arms wide. "It's been the same with everything we've mislaid a clue. Our murderer has made use of only those things accessible to everyone."

"Except," I said slowly, "the cyanide."

Shawn said nothing.

There seemed nothing more to say. Feeling slightly more permanent upon this earth, I removed my hat and went to gaze into the mirror. My hair was still damp. I pushed at it with impatience.

**By EDITH HOWIE**

"What about the feet?" Shawn asked at last. "Was there anything familiar about them?"

"Did I recognise them, you mean? Hardly. I didn't have the time and anyway I was too upset."

"I know," Shawn said impatiently. "But the shoes—how big were they? Had you seen them before? What color?"

"I don't think so," I said answering the middle question first. "And they were just ordinary size. Sixes, I'd guess. Or six and a half. Black suede with lattice work along the facings."

"Good shoes, were they?"

"Expensive, you mean? No—they were stylish."

With a shrug Shawn retired from that line. "Let's consider," he said, "what went above them. How were the ankles? Fat or thin?"

"I don't know," I confessed with-out spirit. "I don't remember. Just ankles, I guess."

"Too thin to be your fat friend's—Mrs. Judson's?"

"Certainly not!" I told him haughtily. "Dorothy's ankles aren't fat and she has a very pretty foot. Shawn! What are you trying to make me say?"

He shook his head. "Little worth the hearing."

I sat down. "On the whole, I think you've been very polite," I said. "I was a fool. Perhaps if I went now and tried to find out who had been in that booth—"

Shawn looked at me soberly.

"Are you sure you want to know?"

Well, I didn't when you came right down to it. I was silent.

"Because even if you did find out, it mightn't mean anything. Your listener could have been some old biddy who jabbars gossip for what it's worth and not one of our suspects."

The guards were off the foils now. I gave Shawn a hostile glare. "Does Dorothy look as if she frequented beauty parlors, Shawn?"

"Perhaps not. But Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Blake do."

I put my hands across my ears at that. I said, "I won't believe it—I can't!"

Shawn shrugged.

"It's as I told you. You'd best let it alone. What you do not

know can have little hurt for you. Nor," he added below his breath, "help for me!"

Rather forlornly, I said, "Shawn, I suppose we couldn't go away? You and I and Aunt Lide? Because you've done all you can, and nobody suspects us and—"

I stopped. Shawn was staring at me as if I'd made a verbal pronouncement of high treason. He said, "Not!" very coldly. "What do you take me for?"

"For someone very dear and very much beloved," I said unsteadily. "For someone whose life means more than any number of murders solved—"

"Hush!" Shawn said but his arms had come tight about me. "You're not meaning that. No man—not woman—has the right to play the Almighty and depopulate his little earth."

I twisted in his arms, trying to see his face. "Shawn," I said in a

very small voice, "isn't there something you can do?"

He was looking straight over my head. "There's a way," he said slowly, "of which I've been thinking."

He didn't finish because Aunt Lide came then and Jimmy wandered downstairs yawning and the evening papers arrived to proclaim in inch-high headlines: "Police arrest two in jewel robbery. Loot recovered. Sensational developments promised soon."

I put my finger on that last and asked what they were, but if Shawn knew he wouldn't say. He said the newspaper had to be told something and that all policemen were born with an instinct for deferred publicity. Which, no matter how true it was, answered nothing.

Dinner was a dreary affair, although Jimmy did his best. Shawn ate like an automaton and once we were free of the table he asked Aunt Lide, with disarming politeness, if she'd excuse us. He had a call to make, and he needed Jimmy's and my support. It was news to me but obediently I pulled my hat over the scalloped sculpture of my hair while Aunt Lide assured Shawn that she understood perfectly. Police business must come before everything.

Everything but questions and those Shawn refused to answer. He shepherded us into the car in a complete silence—on his part—drove three or four blocks and then stopped. He reached around and opened the door. "All out," he said.

Foot on running board, I halted. "Why, this is where Mrs. Spencer lives!" I said reproachfully.

"Which is the reason that we're going there," Shawn said unperturbed.

For one minute, I held the wild hope that he was giving up, handing back his commission as it were. I should have known better.

Mrs. Spencer said, "You have news for me?" not very hopefully and Shawn smiled and turned to where Jimmy and I effaced ourselves in the background. His eyes passed over me, fastened upon Jimmy. "Mrs. Spencer," he said, "may I present Mr. Collins? Mr. James Madison Collins—author and playwright—"

Jimmy gasped and behind Mrs. Spencer's eyes a light began to glow.

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# HONEYMOON FOR TWELVE

**The Dixieland Cats planned a novel gift for Ding-Dong's bride**

**Y**OU understand, don't you?" Ding-Dong asked, his eyes larger and even more innocent than usual. "The band felt they oughta come down and see me off. I never been on a honeymoon before."

Angela, his bride of the past eight hours, nodded blissfully. Any other time the mere mention of the Dixieland Cats would have been enough to fill her with sudden fears and tremors. The boat was about to sail, putting New York and all its cares far behind them.

"I understand, darling," she said. "They think a lot of you, too."

She was so happy at the thought of their two months' honeymoon voyage that nothing else mattered. They would have a whole month in Rio de Janeiro, and her husband would not need to touch his clarinet. For two months the King of Swing's partners in life would have to get along without him.

There was so much last-minute confusion that she never did see the band leave the boat. Ding-Dong was standing there beside her, staring down at the waving throng on the pier and even remembering to throw the confetti someone had given him.

Long before the ship had even reached the Barbadoes Mr. Williams' concern over the future had revealed itself in a very odd manner. The first night out he came down with mal de mer at nine-thirty and had to retire to their cabin. He had reappeared at midnight, looking surprisingly well. By some strange coincidence he was similarly stricken the second night and every night thereafter. Yet at midnight he had invariably recovered.

Angela tried her best to convince him that it was her wifely privilege to be at his side in sickness or in health, but Ding-Dong was positive he had to be alone with his mal de mer. Just seeing anyone made him dizzy, he said. So Angela, feeling uncomfortably like a deserted woman, passed those hours in her deck-chair wistfully watching couples whose males came equipped with more sea-going stomachs stroll past her on the promenade deck.

They were a hundred miles off the equator when she finally learned the serious extent of her bridegroom's illness. The ship was ploughing through a starling night when there was a sudden series of explosions amidships and in a moment the ship's bells were clanging a general alarm. The horn burst into repeated ear-shattering blasts and everyone went racing for life-preservers and boat stations.

Angela dashed into their stateroom, only to find it deserted. Giving a little cry, she raced down the hall, searching for Ding-Dong in all that panic and confusion. She fled down a flight of stairs and found herself in the tourist salon. There on the dance floor, entirely surrounded by ship's officers and half the passenger list, was not only her husband but his Dixieland Cats. It was a ten-piece combo and not a man was missing.

Angela was so weak with shock that a mere thing like a boat's sinking no longer mattered. Ding-

Dong's taking his band on their honeymoon was enough to upset the most loving bride. The Cats had already ruined her wedding. It had had all the dignity of a jam session, what with the staring alligators outside the church, the knocked-out musicians within, and Mr. Chris Ketridge, who had insisted on giving out at the organ, working some hot notes into the Wedding March.

Ding-Dong, wearing a fretful look, was assuring the captain the boat hadn't been in any danger at all. "It was just I sorta overdid myself," he said gravely. "Those explosions were just a volcano erupting every sixteen bars."

"Volcano?" the captain said grimly, wondering if the ship's doctor had a strait-jacket aboard. "You're sure of that?"

"I oughta be. I fixed up the flash powder myself."

Angela forced her way through the crowd just in time to hear the chorus. It seemed the Dixieland Cats played for the tourist passengers each night and to-night they had been trying out some special effects on "Jungle Drums" that Ding-Dong had thought up himself. He had filled some pans with flashlight powder and they were timed to go off every sixteen bars, like a volcano erupting in the distance.

"I was just experimenting," he said unhappily. "How did I know it was going to make people come running in here in their night-clothes?"

**B**EFORE the captain could answer such logic Mr. Williams took on a sudden pallor. For the first time he saw his bride, no longer able to hold back her tears, fighting her way through the crowd.

"You didn't tell me you were bringing the band!" she cried. "Oh, Ding-Dong! If I'd known the band meant more to you than our honeymoon..."

Not until they were alone in their cabin did she learn the reason for her husband's apparent treason. He was taking the band down to play a month's stand at the Casino, Rio's finest nightclub, and the ship line had given them free transportation in return for their services. So each night they had been giving out in the tourist salon and Ding-Dong had to go down and lead them. It said so in his contract.

"I'd have told you before," he said, "but I wanted to surprise you when we got to Rio and you saw my name up in lights in a foreign language."

Angela started to cry all over again. "You know how I feel about the band," she sobbed. "And now you've got to go and play a nightclub on our honeymoon!"

Ding-Dong was surprised and hurt. "But I only did it for you."

"For me?" she cried. "If you think—"

His eyes were so troubled and upset that she didn't have the heart to go on. She knew he loved her far too much to deliberately do things to make her unhappy.

"I hadda take the date," he said shyly. "They're crazy for swing down here and now I'm married I



"Stop it," Angela cried. "I won't watch it another minute."

gotta think about the future. All I got now is American clippings. I gotta be famous in other countries, too."

On their arrival in Rio the Dixieland Cats promptly held a ways-and-means meeting in their hotel lobby. Ding-Dong had been forced to warn them Angela wasn't too happy about bringing them along and so maybe they better stand at ease.

Mr. Chris Ketridge was holding down the floor. He was worried. "We gotta watch this off-to-Buffalo business now that Ding-Dong's with wife," he said nervously. "We don't need any crystal ball to tell us that Angela could get along without us very well. We gotta square her before it's too late."

Everyone looked at Mr. Miff Dowdley. He was a small party who looked as if he were always stand-

ing in a hole. Being a graduate of several alimony dormitories he was an acknowledged authority on dolls.

Mr. Dowdley considered the ceiling. "Maybe," he said judiciously, "we oughta give her a wedding present. You know, something sentimental."

The boys were still looking for a suitable token the night they opened. The Casino was the most beautiful date any of them had played. The dance floor was of solid glass, with colored ribbons of light flowing beneath it. Upstairs there was roulette, campista and baccarat; and those rooms were as crowded as the dance floor.

Backstage the boys nervously mounted the revolving chromium bandstand. They could hear the native samba band that occupied the other side of the stand giving out for the dancers. Then the stand began to turn and Ding-Dong al-

ready had them giving but on "Basin Street Blues" when they came into view of the dancers.

From that very first chorus they were in. The Brazilians liked their five on the mellow side, and even in South America the local cats had heard of the famed Senhor Ding-Dongo Williams and his clarinet. When he took the melody himself and began to riff it out, they crowded the bandstand, watching him with eager eyes. He soared into "Ride, Red Ride" and the natives gave strange, pleased cries. "Agua, agua!" they shouted. "Agua!"

At the end of their forty-five-minute set Ding-Dong had to take seven choruses on clarinet marmalade before the native buffs would let the revolving bandstand carry him away. He made his way across the floor as the samba band came on and joined Angela at the table he had reserved.

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Ding-Dong flung Heloisa around in whirling circles.

"ARE you happy?" he said shyly. "I really sent them like crazy."

She slipped her hand in his. "I'm always happy with you, Ding-Dong."

She was, too. Those first four days in Rio had been even more wonderful than she had imagined. It had been all any bride could ask.

The native band was giving out with a samba in spades when Mr. Chris Ketridge came to their table. That sensuous, mounting rhythm kept growing and growing. All of them were silent, sharing a common awe, as they watched the dancers give themselves more and more to that exciting music. The dance took its beat from the tam-tams and always there was the whirling accent of the beaded gourd. The music took on an even more barbaric beauty.

"Maybe," Ding-Dong said faintly, "we're behind the times. Maybe I oughta go in for this samba stuff."

Mr. Ketridge shook his head. "That's not for us," he said.

"Look," Angela said excitedly, "watch that woman in the red evening dress. She's wonderful!"

The leader of the samba combo was really giving out for her. At her gesture he stepped up the beat with his cabaca and she went whirling around her partner in the fastest rhythm they had ever seen. The man would bend her further and further back and she would throw out her arms in gay abandon as they spun around the room.

When the number ended it seemed they were all on their feet cheering.

the lady and her partner. Only Ding-Dong had missed the finish. The band would soon be on again and he had gone backstage to make sure everything was Dixie. Angela turned to Mr. Ketridge.

"I've never seen such a wonderful dance," she said. "I'd just love to learn it! In another six months they'll be doing it in New York!"

"Why not give it a rattle?" said Mr. Ketridge. "Some of these local joes would undoubtedly give you lessons."

Angela's blue eyes were wistful. "There's no use my even thinking about it," she said. "I'd have to have a partner and Ding-Dong can't dance. He can't even walk."

Mr. Ketridge stared at her, stirred by her wistfulness. Slowly a beautiful thought came over him. No bride could ask for a more sentimental present than a husband who could give out with the samba. Something like that would last a girl a lifetime.

"Will you excuse me a minute?" he said, hoping Ding-Dong came with free-wheeling hips. "I got to see a lady about a man."

It took the combined forces of the head waiter, several captains, and half-a-dozen waiters, aided and abetted by a Portuguese-Inglish dictionary, to convince Mr. Ketridge he couldn't talk to the lady in red. Almost apapaining a wrist in the process, Paolo, the head waiter, finally made it clear to the pudgy piano that one did not accost the Senhorita Heloisa Machado. She was a very well-known lady and one must be presented. And, anyway, the sen-

horita did not give instructions in the samba. She was a lady of importance.

"Okay," said Mr. Ketridge, convinced the boys were waltzing him. "I savvy. She no tango."

All of them looked relieved and Mr. Ketridge scurried backstage with the information that while all Brazil seemed determined to make it tough for them, he had at last located a suitable gift for Angela. Once she learned Ding-Dong's being with samba was a little token of their friendship for her, all would be union. The others agreed, as pleased with the idea as if they had had it first.

"It's just a question of getting to this doll," Mr. Ketridge said. "Personally, I think all we gotta do is send her a note with fifty rocks in it, explaining Ding-Dong wants to learn how to give out with the samba. Fifty rocks is a lotta moola down here."

MR. MIFF DOWDEY had an even better idea. "We'll send her the chips in a box of roses," he said, giving them the wink. "That always softens them up."

Mr. Ketridge sent over the necessary the next morning and by six o'clock he had received a note in the senhorita's own charming hand. Deciphering it, they learned she was deeply touched to learn that of all Rio de Janeiro they should choose her to instruct the famous Senhor Ding-Dongo Williams in the samba. Only last night she had seen the Senhor Williams, and she would be pleased to

receive him alone at seven the following evening.

It was Mr. Ketridge who made the presentation speech when Ding-Dong showed at the Casino. A glazed expression crept over their leader's eyes as he learned the nature of their wedding present. While he knew it would please Angela, he wasn't sure he could do his part.

The boys looked hurt, and he added weakly, "I might sprain my hip or something. How would I be able to get off on the licorice-stick if they stuck me in a sling?"

"Well," said Mr. Ketridge, "if you think more of your hips than you do of Angela—"

"It's not that," Ding-Dong said. "It's just that it wouldn't work, anyhow. We always have dinner at seven and Angela would want to know why I couldn't be home then. If I told her, we couldn't surprise her later."

"We have already covered that angle," the piano said. "All you hafta do is tell her we're holding early rehearsals for a while. Unless I'm beat down, you'll be able to do it like crazy in a week."

A gallant, faraway look came over Mr. Williams. Angela had done nothing but talk about the samba and once she found out his being able to do same was her wedding present from the boys, she would see she had misjudged them. Then they would be in for keeps and she wouldn't mind them going along on trips and things.

"I'll do it," he said gamely. "Before I get through I'll make Angela think I'm a real Brazilian. I might even grow a moustache!"

His high courage almost deserted him when he found himself facing the Senhorita Machado in person. She received him in the sala of her lovely beach home and one look at those extravagant furnishings had convinced him she wasn't a regular dancing teacher. What was even more disturbing was the way she kept paying him some very personal compliments. It seemed his clarinet did things to her.

He coughed then. "Maybe," he said faintly, "we better just skip this. Maybe my wife would like it better if the boys just bought her some other present."

She gave him a slow, amused smile. "You are frightened of me, is it no?" she said. "Is the thought of the samba with Heloisa so terrible?"

"No, m'am," he said, wiping his forehead. "It's just that I'm not much on dancing to begin with."

Her half-closed eyes considered him and then, with a faint smile, she patted his hand. "It is all right," she said. "Heloisa understands Americans are shy. That I like. It is only because I like you when I see you at the Casino that I agree to instruct you with samba. The money—" she shrugged, "—every night I lose that much at campista."

Ding-Dong was almost positive she was squeezing his hand.

"I guess we may as well get started, then," he said dearly. "The sooner we do, the quicker it's over. I mean—"

Her full lips were aflutter. "So soon the King of Jitterbugs is tired of me?" She shook her head wisely. "You will learn different, my cavalheiro. When you play you—how you say it—send me. When you dance with Heloisa, she send you."

To his horror Mr. Williams learned she intended to do just that. She had an overgrown record machine and for one harrowing hour he was exposed to that samba rhythm. At the end of that time he was sure he would never be the same. They had started in a small way in the centre of the living-room and before the hour was over Heloisa, with the aid of a half-nelson, had him swirling and dipping all over the living-room, the dining-room, and part of the patio. Every little muscle had an ache all its own. He was sure he was neither big enough nor strong enough to last out the course.

When he said that her eyes widened. "But you do good," she said. "Five more lessons from

Heloisa and you will dance like a carioca. Even with your esposa!"

He nodded numbly, so disturbed at the thought that he could not even resent such a reference to his recent bride. Only the thought that he was doing this for Angela and the boys stopped him from turning in his card then and there.

That first lesson was just eight bars of the chorus that was to follow. Each night he made himself tell his little upbeat that he had to rehearse the boys just once more. Then, numb with apprehension, he would take a cab to the senhorita's. An hour later he would be beaten right down to the bricks by her efforts to bring out the Brazilian in him.

After lesson three she no longer let him watch his feet. He must look into her eyes. "The samba is weeth the eyes, my cavalheiro. Always weeth the eyes you are telling me what a great lover you are. Comprende?"

"I'm afraid so," he said faintly, trying to keep things on a strictly business basis. He could now swirl without falling down and he was no longer too upset by his hips going north while he was going south, but this looking into the eyes did not sound exactly union.

Try as she would, the exotic disciple of the samba could not get him to look at her. Finally she stopped and regarded him thoughtfully.

"Maybe," she said, "it is better you kiss Heloisa now than later. Then you are no longer shy, yes?"

DING-DONG stared at her. "But I can't go around kissing people," he said desperately. "I'm married. I got a licence to prove it."

She shrugged. "If you find Heloisa so unattractive—"

Somehow the harried Mr. Williams made his escape before the situation could grow any more alarming. When he appeared for his lesson the following night Mr. Chris Ketridge took up a station under a nearby tree, casually reading a worn copy of a magazine. Reinforced by the knowledge he had only three lessons to go and that aid was within whistling distance, Ding-Dong managed to carry on.

His final lesson was the most harrowing of all. Somewhere Heloisa had secured a large picture of him and insisted that it be suitably inscribed. Once it was inserted in a handsome silver frame on her piano, they must have a toast to their happy hours together. Ding-Dong never took anything stronger than cherry-toke, and while this looked like one it didn't act that way. It made him as dizzy as if he were in mid-samba.

Then, while he was still too weak to defend himself, she gave him his graduation course. No longer was Heloisa content with his discreet samba, his cautious going around corners and timidly faking into new steps. To-night he must dance with abandon. To prove it she took him through routines that would have made wrestlers pale at the thought of the twisted ligaments involved. Completely beat out at the finish he came to a limp halt, his dull gaze on hers.

Without a word she swept him into her arms and kissed him thoroughly. Thus covered, he had no chance at all to whistle for his faithful piano. Finally he summoned enough strength to fight his way out of the clench. Heloisa glared at him, seething at this lack of appreciation.

"Never, never has Heloisa been so insult!" she cried. She slapped him soundly. She was about to slap him again when Mr. Williams managed to slip under her arm and limped out into the street, wearing her lipstick for a diploma.

He was so all-gone he went right back to the hotel instead of meeting the boys at the Casino. He still had an hour before they went on and he had every intention of spending it in bed. One look at his baggared features and Angela was sure someone must have stolen his clarinet.

"Oh, Ding-Dong! What's happened?"

Please turn to page 8



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# Honeymoon for Twelve

Continued from page 7

NOTHING," he said, barely making it to the bed. "It was just a sort of knocked myself out at rehearsal."

He woke up just in time to report to the Casino. He was struggling into his dinner jacket when he became aware Angela wasn't dressing. It was the first night she hadn't accompanied him and he was suddenly nervous. She wasn't mad with him, was she?

She smiled, giving him a reassuring kiss. "You know better, silly! I'm simply going to bed early to-night. I want to look my best to-morrow. One of the ladies I've met here in the hotel is taking me to a cocktail party at the local Cleopatra's."

"I beg pardon?" he said politely. Patiently she explained she was actually going to a party at the home of one of the most notorious women in all South America.

"Men are always falling in love with her. There have been duels over her and a couple of suicides and she's been named in half a dozen divorce suits just here in Rio. You've seen her, Ding-Dong. Remember that woman who did the gorgeous samba, Heloisa Machado?"

For a moment he was too stunned to either speak or breathe. It was horrifying to learn Heloisa was always being named in divorce suits. But it was even worse to realise that she might figure in one of his own. Once Angela saw that big autographed picture of him on her piano it was going to be too late to fix things. No bride would believe her husband only had a samba acquaintance with her. Especially when the picture was signed: "Always, Ding-Dong Williams."

He was in a daze all through that evening's performance. The more he thought about it, the worse things became. He hadn't yet had a chance to show Angela the boys' wedding present, and once she found that picture of his she would never give him a chance to explain how he happened to know the senhoria. She wouldn't believe that a woman so important as Heloisa doubled in samba lessons for anyone.

The orchestra finished at 3 a.m., and twenty minutes later a cab halted two blocks from the senhoria's residence. A small man slunk out of the cab and immediately disappeared into the shadows. Taking cover behind every bush and tree, Ding-Dong presently reached the wall that guarded the lady's home. The gates were locked and it was only after scrambling up a tree and then creeping out on a limb that he was able to drop into her patio. A window was open to catch the night breeze from the bay. Ding-Dong edged himself over the sill and disappeared into the house.

Within five minutes he had emerged, the incriminating picture carefully buttoned under his dinner jacket. To his horror he discovered he was trapped within the patio. There was no key to the gate and he couldn't reach the limb from which he had dropped into the place. He crept over every foot of the estate and nowhere could he get out.

He was growing more and more desperate. Finally he discovered three chairs. Dragging them to the wall, he stacked them atop each other. Then he made his perilous ascent, one chair at a time. At last his groping fingers clutched the top of the wall.

Slowly, painfully, he tried to chin himself to freedom. It took one last wiggle to do it. That wiggle dislodged the mounted chairs and they went clattering to the mosaic courtyard. The noise was enough to wake all Copacabana Beach. Throwing himself over the wall, he started running. He was just rounding the corner at full speed when he dashed into the arms of two policemen.

It wasn't until Chris Ketridge called that Angela would let herself believe what she saw in the papers. She had been beside herself when Ding-Dong didn't come home, and then, at dawn, the morning papers had been thrust under her door. In each of them there was a picture of Ding-Dong shrinking between two stern-faced police-

It was the News, the only English newspaper, that furnished the lurid details. Her husband, identified as a disappointed suitor of Senhoria Heloisa Machado, had been apprehended after breaking into her residence. The senhoria would say only that he was a former friend and, like all Americans, very impetuous. He was being held for the felony court where formal charges would be preferred.

When Ding-Dong's pianist called she had known that the sordid account had been only too true. Mr. Ketridge was the one who always called when Ding-Dong was in gaol somewhere. She had been crying so hard she could hardly hold on to the telephone. He had tried to tell her some wild tale about Ding-Dong's just going out to the senhoria's to get some autographed picture back. That alone was sufficient proof Ding-Dong had been seeing her. Her mind made up, Angela told Mr. Ketridge he didn't need to try and explain now. She was taking the boat that sailed that very afternoon.

She was packing her last trunk when Mr. Ketridge came hurrying from the gaol.

"Aw, Angela," he said. "You can't just go away and leave Ding-Dong in the can! Think how he'll feel!"

"I don't care how he feels!" she sobbed. "Go—going out" with that woman while we were still on our

## Animal Antics



"Come on, son, your bath's ready!"

honeymoon! I'll never be able to look anyone in the face again."

Mr. Ketridge really pulled out the tremolo stop then, giving her the full arrangement. Ding-Dong hadn't been dating the senhoria. The boys had wanted to gift Angela with some appropriate wedding token and they had settled on equipping Ding-Dong with some samba lessons from Heloisa.

Angela didn't even look up from her packing. "You're just covering up for him!" she cried. "Expecting me to believe you were giving him samba lessons as a wedding present. You know Ding-Dong can't dance. He can't even walk down the street without stumbling over things!"

"Look," Mr. Ketridge said, hoping the other boys had not failed in their mission, "the least you can do is find out whether I'm laying it on the line. If you really had that old upbeat you would at least go down to the gaol with me and check for yourself."

That last appeal unnerved her. Finally, convincing herself that she was only going there to prove once and for all that they were all lying to her, she consented to accompany him to the bastille.

When they came into the desk sergeant's spacious office Mr. Ketridge gave a loud sigh of relief when he saw that the other boys had been able to make a deal with Heloisa. They were crowding around her as she gave the desk sergeant some Portuguese double-talk. In one corner of the room several sad-eyed native muscos, equipped with gourds, tam-tams and omeles, were nervously eyeing their surroundings.

At this unexpected meeting with

her rival Angela's little chin tilted up. Only her husband's arrival prevented her leaving the station then and there. Ding-Dong was being led into the room cuffed to an over-stuffed gaoler. He looked so bewildered and unhappy that Angela had to turn away lest her emotions overcome her common sense.

The native muscos were set up in the corner and they were into "Mamae Eu Quero!" before Angela could even realise what was happening.

"You gotta give with the hips, Ding-Dong," Mr. Ketridge said desperately. "You gotta show Angela you were really taking lessons. She was packing when I got to the hotel."

One stricken look at Angela's averted face and Mr. Williams realised it was only too true. The samba muscos were really giving out now and Ding-Dong knew it was now or never. He grabbed Heloisa and was gone with the beat. He didn't even have time to get scared.

By the end of that first chorus it was Heloisa who was in there barely hanging on. Mr. Williams, driven by despair, was really cooking with gas. The very thought of losing Angela was enough to send him circling, swaying and dipping. If he didn't convince Angela he had been taking lessons he was going to be a brideless bridegroom. Knowing that the results of his efforts were fearful and wonderful to behold.

He had Heloisa flying in and out of his arms so fast no one was sure which way she was going. Angela paled at the manner in which Ding-Dong was flinging her around. Not only did he take her in mad whirling circles, but coming out of them he went right into that awaying sensuous step where Heloisa's head was almost touching the floor. What was more, he repeated same going around corners, a feat never before observed in Brazil.

The members of the Dixieland Cats had lost their first fears and were now encouraging Ding-Dong with hoarse cries. The sergeant of police was staring with a gaping mouth. Heloisa's turban began to dangle.

It was then Angela started to cry. "Stop it!" she sobbed. "I won't watch it another minute! It's not nice for a married man to dance that way. At least not an American!"

Ding-Dong was so upset that he promptly released Heloisa in the middle of a final violent circle and she went staggering to a chair. Before Angela could utter another sob Ding-Dong was holding her in his arms. By the time they came out of their clench even Ding-Dong knew he had been forgiven. All Angela asked was that he leave the samba to the Brazilians. She loved Ding-Dong just the way he was. She wanted him to stay that way.

"You don't need to worry," he said gravely. "I wouldn't be able to do it any more, anyway. I'm pretty sure I dislocated something. I can feel it just as plain."

Angela was conscious of the embarrassed faces of Ding-Dong's loyal Cats. They looked as relieved and happy as Ding-Dong did. They would always be part of his life and hers, and suddenly she didn't care. Like her own Ding-Dong, they had only been trying to please her. It was sweet of them and she was still trying to thank them for the spirit behind their gift when Heloisa finally recovered her breath enough to leave the station. She ignored Mr. and Mrs. Williams, but gave the entire Dixieland combo a warm smile.

"I go now," she said huskily. "Ade logoi!"

Only then did Angela learn the sacrifice the boys had made for her happiness. The senhoria had driven a hard bargain. In return for her squaring Ding-Dong the boys, starting to-morrow, each and every afternoon were going to have to knock themselves out in a private jam session for Heloisa.

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.





## GLAMOR with a G

Q Fox's Betty Grable, 5 feet 3½ inches of dynamic appeal, is a girl who sneezes at orchids, paints her own finger-nails, cannot understand why she puts on weight while making a picture. She lives with her mother in a modest Brentwood

home, goes out dancing with people like George Raft and Canadian steel millionaire Alexis Thompson. Betty hates people who play while they work—now that she is making "White Collar Girl" for Fox she goes to bed every night at 8.



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## "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is a family affair

From BARBARA O'CONNOR  
in Hollywood

WHEN you say Cagney most people think of James. But after seeing "Yankee Doodle Dandy" you are just as likely to think of the names Jeanne or Bill, for all three Cagneys have a hand in this film. James is the star, Jeanne has a featured part, while brother Bill is the producer.

Wandering round the set the other day at Warners I found myself watching a theatre scene. James and Jeanne were up on the stage doing a musical number, while brother Bill, surrounded by two dance directors, a musical director, two cameramen, and director Michael Curtiz, seemed to be in the middle of a conference.

Up on the stage with James and Jeanne were Walter Huston and Rosemary de Camp. At a given signal the four burst into the popular song hit of 1906, "I Was Born in Virginia." As the cameras recorded this number I realised that the four on the old-fashioned stage were representing "The Four Cohans."



● Cagney clan on the Warner Bros. set of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Left to right: James Cagney, Dr. Edward Cagney, Mrs. Caroline Cagney, producer William Cagney and sister Jeanne.



● Dancing lesson. Reflected in the rehearsal mirror, Jeanne and James Cagney practise steps for "Yankee Doodle Dandy" under the curt direction of teacher Johnny Boyle (in foreground).

that family which gave America its first outstanding song-and-dance man, George M. Cohan. James plays Cohan, Jeanne his sister, Walter Huston and Rosemary are, of course, the mother and father.

George Cohan was known as a great patriot in his heyday. The patriotic songs he composed were sung all over the land in the last war. He was given the Congressional Medal of Honor in recognition of his services to his country. James Cagney will "put over" such well-known Cohan hits as "Give My Regards to Broadway," "You're a Grand Old Flag," "Mary's a Grand Old Name," and "Over There."

After the number, I managed to get hold of Jeanne for a chat. This youngest of the Cagneys is a vivacious, auburn-haired girl with enormous dark blue eyes. Determined to succeed as an actress in her own right, she had been touring the country in Noel Coward's plays until finally prevailed upon to play with her brother in this film. As Josie Cohan, Jeanne has a nice juicy role, as well as a contract.

"I made two college pictures at Paramount," Jeanne told me, smoothing the bird-of-paradise feathers in her elaborate coiffure.

"but I knew I needed more stage experience before I went any further."

"Well, this is certainly a family affair," I said, as the brothers pulled forward a chair for Jeanne. "You must feel as if you are at home once more."

"Not quite—I miss my other brothers," said Jeanne, wistfully.

"Your — other — brothers?" I gulped.

Jeanne nodded. "Yes, they are both doctors, you know. Not a bit interested in films." Twenty-three-year-old Jeanne, it appears, is the baby of the brood of five.

"I vowed I never would play in a picture with Jimmy because I wanted to get to the top by myself, but when I found my brother Bill was to produce the film I thought it would be silly to refuse to play Jimmy's sister, when everyone says I am so like him."

She is like him in that there is a family resemblance, but while no one could call James handsome, there are few who would deny that Jeanne Cagney is a very beautiful girl indeed, and a very talented one.

Bill Cagney, upon whose shoulders the responsibility of production falls,

is a fair-haired young fellow, built like a football player. He looks calm and lazy, in contrast to the nervous vitality of James and the sparkle of Jeanne. Bill once was an actor, but because he resembled his brother so much he found the producers didn't want him. After learning the ropes as Jimmy's manager, Bill went into the producing end, and is now one of the top men at Warners.

In fact, James and Bill are forming their own independent production combination.

Two dance directors, Johnny Boyle and Leroy Prinz, keep their eye on the Cagney footwork. Johnny Boyle is a veteran tap-dancer who worked with George Cohan himself, and of whom, Fred Astaire has said, "There is no greater dancer." When I met Johnny that day he was on crutches. Showing the Cagneys one of George Cohan's favorite steps he had slipped and broken his ankle.

Why, I wondered, did not the great George himself fly to Hollywood and supervise the whole thing? He was a sick man, I was told, but even so was keeping his finger on the pulse of the production, and would be coming out eventually, at the Warners' invitation, to take a look at things. Cohan had stipulated, several years ago, that no one but James Cagney must be engaged to play him on the screen.









# FIRST-AIDING

Hats off to the first-aiders! No spectacle is too grim to upset their smooth efficiency. They deal with breaks, sprains, collapses or total wrecks with conspicuous calm and skilled dexterity.

It's a service you can depend upon. Another dependable public service is provided by MAZDA. When light bulbs fail or show signs of rapid decline you can enlist with confidence the aid of MAZDA. These pre-tested Australian-made MAZDA LAMPS give more light than so-called cheap lamps — THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER. It's a service you can depend upon.



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# Here's the winner of Red Cross Dream Home



THE £5000 RED CROSS DREAM HOME, overlooking Middle Harbor, which has been won by Mrs. M. Bartlett, of Darlinghurst Road, Sydney.

"I feel like a child with a new toy," said Mrs. Bartlett, visiting her house

"It really IS a dream home."

This is what Mrs. M. Bartlett, winner of The Australian Women's Weekly-Red Cross Dream Home, said after paying her first visit to the house.

Mrs. Bartlett took a family party with her—her daughter, Mrs. R. Plasto; her son, Mr. John Bartlett, a construction engineer, who recently reached Australia from Singapore; and her 11-year-old granddaughter, Kathleen Brown.

MRS. BARTLETT herself unlocked the bright red front door of the Dream Home and led us into the hall.

"Isn't it beautiful!" she said, as she glanced through the glass door onto the patio and into the lounge room.

"Can we start with the kitchen?" she said. Having studied the plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly she was able to lead us there.

Mrs. Bartlett exclaimed with delight when she saw the stable door leading from the kitchen to the terrace.

"Look, Roma, what I've always wanted if I ever built a house," she said to her daughter, pointing to the door.

A number of visitors who had come to see the Dream Home shook hands with Mrs. Bartlett across the stable door and offered their congratulations.

The winner of the home, who is a good cook, examined all the well-stocked cupboards, the electric stove, washing-up machine, and washing machine.

She was particularly impressed with the breakfast nook, with its awning-striped seat cushion and table cover, and little red cushions.

Then we set out on a tour of the rest of the house.

The first thing Mrs. Bartlett noticed in the dining-room was the lustre on the sideboard.

"My mother had them in her home, and I've always regretted I did not keep them," she said.

With the practical eye of an experienced homemaker, Mrs. Bartlett studied the chair coverings and curtains and the texture of the carpets.

"Everything is good and durable," she said.

She was quickly at home in her new house.

"Leave your hat in the hall, John," she told her son, as if she were already living in the house.

The family sat in the comfortable flowered-linen chairs in the sitting-room for a while, admiring the radio set, the picture over the

mantelpiece, the deep hearthrug, and, through the folding doors, the fine dining-table.

Kathleen led the party up the stairs, where Mrs. Bartlett expressed her delight with the group of flower pictures, pausing to straighten one of them with an apologetic little smile.

Of many exclamations of delight during the tour probably the most excited was Mrs. Bartlett's "Oh!" when she walked into the main bedroom.

"I must try my mirror," she said, sitting down at the dressing-table.

"I'm like a child with a new toy," she said, smiling into the glass.

She examined the built-in wardrobes and felt the texture of the draped blue damask bedcovers.

"The colors are so lovely," she said. "It's luxurious but so practical—no heavy furniture cluttering up the room."

"Look, Kathleen, you could splash to your heart's content in here," Mrs. Bartlett said to her granddaughter, showing her the shower-room.

The family inspected the pink-and-blue bathroom, noticing the radiator let into the wall, and the pink organdie curtains.

Then there was the boy's bedroom, where everyone liked the amusing bedside lamp, an old-fashioned kerosene lamp fitted with electricity.

Kathleen and her uncle paused to look at the framed maps, and Mrs. Bartlett decided that the writing-desk would make homework almost bearable.

The next big "Oh!" came from Kathleen when she saw the girl's bedroom, with its pink-and-white striped bedcover with spotted organdie flounces and its white curtains threaded with wide blue ribbons.

She tried the pink-and-white striped chair and the little dressing-table stool in front of the built-in dressing-table.

Kathleen was still examining this room while her aunt and grandmother gave housewifely approval to the soiled linen chute next to the



MRS. BARTLETT takes over papers connected with the Dream Home from Mrs. Alice Jackson, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, and Lady Gordon (right), president of the Dream Home committee.

MRS. M. BARTLETT, winner of the Dream Home, looks over the three tickets she bought, with her daughter (at back), Mrs. Roma Plasto, and her granddaughter, Kathleen Brown.

While the rest of the party waited Kathleen insisted on taking her grandmother on a special tour of the house by themselves.

She took Mrs. Bartlett first to the little girl's room.

"Granny, isn't it just beautiful," she said and sat on the chair, and the dressing-table stool again, posed in front of the mirror, and rearranged the cushions on the bed.

After completing their inspection of the top floor she escorted her grandmother with solemn dignity down the stairs.

When they reached the bottom she confided in a whisper: "Granny, wouldn't you love to slide down the banister?"

Mrs. Bartlett, who was born in Williamstown, Victoria, lived in Camberwell when she was first married, and all her four children were born there. They moved to Sydney when her children were still very young.

"When you've brought up a family and made as many things in your home as possible yourself you realize how much planning and hard work has gone into the Dream Home," she said. "Everything is beautifully made, and all the materials are so good."

"It's wonderful that this lovely house has done so much good, too, by raising so much money for prisoners of war."

"One of the first things I am going to do is arrange a little celebration with the little girl who sold me the winning ticket, the little boy who drew the ticket, Kathleen, and me."

Mrs. Bartlett has already received a number of offers for the house, including several reply-paid telegrams.

She has not yet definitely decided whether she will live in the house, let it or sell it.

"All my family are so scattered," she said, "one of my daughters is in America, Mrs. Plasto has a new home of her own, John leaves soon for Canada, and my other son, who is also an engineer, has lived in France for fifteen years and I have had no word from him for some time."

Full prize list, page 15

## How £5000 became £50,000

STORY of the Red Cross Dream Home is also the story of how a £5000 gift brought £50,000 to the funds of the Red Cross Prisoners of War Appeal.

The Australian Women's Weekly built the Dream Home and presented it to the Red Cross Special Appeals Committee which decided it would make an art union prize that would appeal to every home-loving Australian.

The planning, furnishing and equipping of the home was a labor of love and art for the committee, and long before tickets were available to the public inquiries for them began to pour in from every corner of Australia.

The thousands of shillings paid for tickets add up to the cheque for £50,000 now in the hands of the Red Cross. Every shilling will be spent on parcels for Australian prisoners of war.



# Editorial

JUNE 6, 1942

## OUR NINTH BIRTHDAY

THIS week The Australian Women's Weekly enters its tenth year of publication.

In happier days our birthday was marked by bumper issues, but now we cannot doff our battledress even for a birthday party.

Wartime restrictions have, of course, immensely increased the difficulties of producing The Australian Women's Weekly.

The manpower shortage affects our printing plant. There are many new problems associated with the color-work and newsprint rationing has limited our pages.

But we have done everything possible to see that our readers have not been the losers. Their staunch support is our reward.

Throughout these war years we have been strongly aware of our own duty and service on the morale front. Our paper has been a source of pleasure and interest not only here in our soldiers' homes but on every battlefield.

As the war has drawn more and more women into service ranks and vital war industries, we have told their stories, voiced their needs.

Most important of all, we have tried to provide the women of Australia with a balanced picture of this world of war, relating the human values to the wider issues of the long struggle.

When war came we had to lay aside many bright plans. But they are laid aside only temporarily.

When the war is over will be the time for bumper issues again and birthday celebrations spangled with new features.

Until then we can say only thanks to our readers for continued enthusiastic support.

—THE EDITOR.

# Graphic account of air raid

## Soldier writes home as Jap planes hurtle down

SITTING beside a slit trench, a Darwin soldier wrote a running description of Jap planes brought down during a raid.

His letter home is published in this week's letters from men in the services.

W.O.2 V. A. Cox in Darwin to his fiancée, Miss L. C. Smith, 16 Chapmon St., New Mile End, S.A.

"I'm sitting on top of my slit trench watching the bombers come in. The bombers are big jobs, and high up—about 18,000 feet. There are seven, and also what look like some of their fighters.

"Some of our planes are up, but I can't see them yet.

"The Japs are coming closer now, about two miles away. There's something going on, a scrap, the ack-acks opened up.

"Hell's bells, there are some on fire.

"Wait on and I'll see what's what. Our boys are into them. I can see one. Smoke is streaming from two—no three—now.

"I can see one of ours diving in again. One of theirs is dropping out.

"He's on fire, he's falling in flames, he's crashing—flames everywhere, his tanks explode, his bombs blow up.

"He's blown to pieces in mid-air, flames everywhere, he's screaming down, bits of plane are lobbing.

"There goes another one on fire. He's breaking off from the flight, dropping back, going for a cloud. Gosh, he's blown up too! Gosh, it's a grand sight to see. Two blown out of the sky. How the bits scream down to ground. There is nothing left of either plane except flames and smoke gradually drifting down.

"Oh—oh! there goes another Jap plane down in a death dive but his bombs are dropping down. That's the third one down. Boy, what a sight. Another is on fire and heading out. Bet he crashes!

"What a day! Four so far. It shows now what can be done if we have planes. Boy, oh boy, it's great!

"The boys are cheering like fun. We have seen the Japs getting a good hiding at last. Here come their fighters down now, screaming in for revenge I guess. They're machine-gunning the ground.

"I'm in my slit trench now. One had a go at our area and he's still pumping lead around. It's hot down here and I want to see what's going on. Excuse me.

"I'm down again. There's another of them diving down on us, busy squirting bullets. The bullets are cracking into the ground just like fireworks, while up top we can hear the rattle of his guns.

"The boys are yelling and cursing, guns going, bombs dropping, planes roaring, and now I'm being blighted by a wasp!"

Pte. Hazlett writing from Java to his mother, Mrs. E. Hazlett, 22 Harrobbrook Ave., Fivedock, N.S.W.

"AFTER we got away from Singapore we arrived in Java, sick, hungry, and weary. We found the Dutch people wonderful.

"The women took us to their



SEVERAL MEN in this group, including Sergeant Henry E. Wyatt (standing second from left), went to Rabaul. Sergeant Wyatt's parents received a letter from him, saying he is safe, in the batch of letters dropped over Port Moresby by Japanese planes. They would like to hear from relatives of any of the other men who may have some further news of him.

hearts, as if we were their own sons. "They fed us, cleaned us, and repaired our torn shirts.

"The Dutch men are wonderful—full of courage. They are a great people, and we chaps will always think of them with love and respect."

L.C. May in Port Moresby to Miss G. Bickle, Mosman, N.S.W.

SIGN posted outside an American squadron headquarters:

"SET THE RISING SUN."

"No job too big. No job too small.

"We specialise in aircraft-carriers, warships, troop transports, airfields, A.A. guns, parked aircraft, and would accept other jobs in our spare time.

"Our pilots have studied in Savannah, Manila, Australia, Java, New Guinea, and other places. Our graduates are all over the world.

"Our gunners specialise in Zeros, in stalling turns.

"Have you been bothered by Nip carriers? Has a Jap transport landed on your lawn? Have you had Ack-Ack pains? Has a Nip plane caused you to dig into terra firma?"

"If so, write or call—th Squadron (in consultation with—Squadron). Office hours, 9-12 and 12-5.

"Satisfaction guaranteed."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

A warrant-officer in Port Moresby to a friend at Toogoolawah, Qld.

"THE biggest raid happened a few days ago, when they brought over about twenty-five, but lost six of them, so we had the best of the fight that day as we lost none.

"Some of my lads had a bit of a scare. They were in their truck when the alarm was given, but could see nothing for clouds.

"There were no shelters for a few hundred yards, and they were trying to decide whether they would walk to them or ride in the truck to some others when the Japs decided it for them.

"They suddenly appeared right in front of the boys, three fighters, diving out of the clouds.

"The boys all went for their lives for a small creek nearby. The

Japs must have seen them. One fighter went after them with all its guns going.

"The bullets scattered dirt, gravel, and dust all over the place, but no one was hit.

"However, the Jap had not finished with them. But while he was turning for another go they managed to reach a shelter trench.

"The Jap machine-gunned all the shelters in sight, and you can imagine the cheer that went up when the Jap, in turning to make another attack, ran right into a burst of fire from the ground and burst into flames.

"The wreck fell only a few hundred yards from where the boys were sheltering.

"A few seconds later another was hit, and although he did not fall immediately he crashed in trying to get away. The third fighter called it a day and cleared out.

"Our anti-aircraft got two of their bombers that day, and our fighters got two more, which made six in all.

"We lost none, so the Japs did not do so well for themselves, particularly as they dropped about a hundred bombs without killing anyone or doing damage to any property or any of us."

Pte. E. T. O'Shea in Port Moresby to his sister, Miss M. O'Shea, Howard, Qld.

"I HAVE picked up a bottle of a famous tonic, so a clobber and I have taken on a course.

"We take it to directions, so pity help the Japs. I am feeling the benefit of it already. I am swinging from monkey ropes in the jungle.

"We have quite a number of body-builders, including some baby food. It was found at the store in town. Our officer said he did not know whether our medicines will turn us into infants or gorillas. Anyhow, time will tell."

Pte. Appelt in Palestine to his wife, Mrs. N. Appelt, 2a Paxton St., East Malvern SE5, Vic.

"ONE day in Jerusalem we were a great distance from the club, footsore and tired, and we came upon a wog boy with one of those soap-box billy carts.

"So I said to him, 'Taxi, George?'

"'Yes,' he said, so I hopped in and he pushed me off.

"I told him to take me to the club. I was only joking, but he insisted on going all the way, so I let him go.

"Well, the people stopped and stared and laughed. They seemed to think it a great joke.

"He only tipped me out once, and I gave him 10 mils (3d.)."

# Interesting People



BR.-GEN. VAN VOLKENBURGH

... Ack-ack command

HEAD of an anti-aircraft command in Australia, Brigadier-General Robert van Volkenburgh, U.S. Army, is one of first American officers to have Australian troops in his command.

Graduate of West Point, he was lieutenant-colonel in 1914-18 war.



REV. ISABELLE MERRY

... Recreation for munitioneers

TO organise recreation and rest centres for women munition workers, Rev. Isabelle E. Merry has been appointed extension secretary to staff of Y.W.C.A. For five years Miss Merry has been minister of Croydon Congregational Church, Victoria, where she was ordained in 1937.



MR. C. R. MCKERIHAN

... Comforts reorganisation

REORGANISING comforts work now that Australia is war zone is present task of Mr. C. R. McKerihan, Australian Comforts Fund honorary general secretary.

"Formerly operating only among Australian Forces overseas, fund will in future also provide comforts at all battle stations in Australia and Pacific war zone," he says.

Mr. McKerihan is president of Rural Bank of N.S.W. Served with A.I.F. in last war.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP



# ROMANTIC WEDDING GIFT FOR SCHOOLDAY SWEETHEARTS

## Naval man wins £500 second prize in Dream Home Art Union

The second prize of £500 in the Red Cross Dream Home art union will enable two young people to marry much sooner than they had hoped. The winner is Chief Petty-Officer Harold Smith, who is in an Australian warship recently returned from active service.

He became engaged just a week ago to Miss Beryl Pimm, who lives in the next street to his home. They have been sweethearts since schooldays.

"WE hadn't even thought of marrying, because we wanted to wait until we had saved up enough money to make a good start for our married life. Now it looks as though we won't have to wait much longer," said the young man, who was interviewed in an Australian port by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly.

He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, of Burns Crescent, Chiswick, N.S.W.

When he was told of his good luck and that he had won £500 he said (his voice was incredulous):

"Oh, I haven't!"

When he was assured that it was quite true he gave a wide smile.

"Takes some believing. I said to Mum when I bought a book of tickets from her, 'I've got one chance in a million, but I might be lucky.'"

This is the second prize Harold Smith has won. The first was a surf-ball, the prize for guessing the number of green peas in a bottle.

Harold, who is 23, was mobilised in August, 1939, and since then has been on the high seas, and his ship has taken part in various naval engagements.

He was in the Royal Australian Naval Reserve before the war. In civilian life he was a shipbuilder employed in building yachts and rowing-boats.

His mother said that she felt sure he would buy a house with the money.

"Only the other day he told me he had seen the very house he wanted."

### Excited family

SHE and her husband heard the exciting news when they returned to their home after visiting the hospital where Mr. Smith is having treatment for a broken leg.

"Two of my neighbors were waiting at the front door. They had heard Harold's name being called

### Our £2000 Fiction Contest

JUDGING in The Australian Women's Weekly short story contest is in its final stage, and within the next few weeks you will be able to read the winning stories, all of which are of an exceptionally high standard.

The judges are now turning their attention to the serials submitted for that section of the contest, for which the prize is £1000.

A surprising number have been received already, although the serial contest does not close until September 30. Preliminary survey shows that the serials submitted cover every phase of Australian life, and competitors include servicemen, bushmen, and sophisticated city writers.

over the radio. Since we got in the house the telephone hasn't stopped ringing. We are so awfully pleased for Harold's sake, especially now he is engaged," she added.

As soon as Mrs. Smith heard the news she hurried across to his fiancée's home. She had just arrived home from her day's work at the office.

"When Mrs. Smith told me I just went hot and cold all over," said Miss Pimm. "Even now I can't believe it. Funny thing, coming home in the tram my sister said: 'A chap called H. F. Smith, of the R.A.N., won second prize, £500.' I said: 'Oh, yes!' and went on reading. Never thought for a second that it was Harold."

"Oh, it is too wonderful!"

### THIRD PRIZE

MRS. G. S. DUCK, of Sefton Hall, Mt. Wilson, N.S.W., won the third prize of a gold emblem valued at £100.

At present Mrs. Duck is in West Australia. Her husband is a naval officer.

The little village of Mt. Wilson was excited at the news.

"She bought enough tickets in the Dream Home to paper a room," said one of her friends. "We are all delighted over her good luck."



SECOND PRIZE WINNER. Chief Petty-Officer Harold Smith and his fiancée, Miss Beryl Pimm. He is the winner of the gold cross valued at £500, the second prize in the Red Cross Dream Home art union.

The prizes for the art union were drawn at the Sydney Town Hall on May 26, during a gala afternoon concert.

Proof of the tremendous interest in this art union was shown when people began to arrive at the hall at noon, although the concert was not to begin until 2.30 and the drawing of the winning ticket was to be at 3.30.

### Popular concert

LONG before 2 o'clock all the seats were filled and those who could not get in were literally banging on the outside doors.

Twelve special police were on duty

and extra attendants from the Town Hall staff were at the doors.

"Never seen such a crowd here," said one of the ushers. "Where we'll put them all I don't know."

The audience consisted of housewives with shopping baskets, all of whom were quite sure the Dream Home was to be theirs, business men who had taken the afternoon off, men in uniform from all the services, and children.

The last of the tickets were brought from the Dream Home Art Union office at 3 p.m.

Under the supervision of a police sergeant the barrel containing the butts was unlocked and the tickets

dropped in. The barrel was then re-locked.

The winning ticket for the Dream Home was drawn from the barrel by a pink-cheeked 11-year-old schoolboy, James Strong, of Greenwich, N.S.W.

He was chosen from the audience by the American actress, Terry Walker.

"Next best to winning the house is drawing the ticket, I suppose," said Jimmy, philosophically, when he handed it over to Mr. Jack Davey, who announced the number on the radio through 2GB.

The number was telephoned to the office, where the number book was looked up and in less than three minutes the winner's name was announced to the audience at the hall and also to a vast radio audience.

"The result of this art union is £50,000 for the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund Appeal," said Lady Gordon, president of the special Dream Home committee.

"And we at the Red Cross have a long list of thanks to make. The first must go, of course, to The Australian Women's Weekly, who made this wonderful gift to us. Only a gift such as the Dream Home could have made our art union such a marvellous success," she continued.

"We have to thank the Daily Telegraph, also the staff of fifty voluntary Red Cross workers who have toiled all day for nine months at the Dream Home office. For the last few weeks they have worked at night, and many of them under great stress, for their husbands, sons, and brothers are prisoners of war."

"All the Red Cross branches have worked splendidly, the response to this appeal was so generous."

Lady Gordon then handed the cheque for £50,000 to Mr. Wilfrid Johnson, chairman of the N.S.W. Division of the Red Cross.

Dream Home Pictures, page 17.

## DREAM HOME - complete list of prizewinning numbers

THE Red Cross Dream Home Art Union was drawn in the Sydney Town Hall on Tuesday afternoon, May 26, in the presence of police, Press, and public.

Here are the results:

### 300 PRIZES VALUED AT £10

10970	14856	32483	340030
20155	146887	241311	350935
26844	148588	241312	350936
26994	148589	241313	360177
42408	148590	246762	375981
53154	148441	263635	380521
58425	168527	269551	397189
59106	168528	269552	410876
59823	173483	269553	425764
72670	190850	269554	425785
76729	200394	269555	427774
77014	200614	267009	429650
85094	202811	288722	436181
95487	200181	288723	439134
101947	209803	288806	433612
109135	211212	298280	468857
109229	213802	213799	470394
110010	214335	317694	470533
125091	224269	331996	475563
148985	224270	338882	484306

### 1st Prize: £5000 Dream Home ... 1597357

MRS. M. BARTLETT, 245 Darlinghurst Road, East Sydney.

### 2nd Prize: Gold Cross, £500 ... 549221

H. F. SMITH, R.A.N.

### 3rd Prize: Gold Emblem, £100 ... 1115891

MRS. G. S. DUCK, Sefton Hall, Mt. Wilson, N.S.W.

484306	632912	721715	880387	993304	1098550	1170932	1272830
506022	632913	729776	887386	993510	1100089	1170933	1284243
515735	632916	729936	887389	993512	1103224	1170934	1290053
534133	642635	738229	887400	1008451	1108419	1181504	1315598
537424	647039	738233	889441	1029854	1110038	1181505	1315967
544372	647039	738237	924072	1039944	1119423	1198825	1320466
545083	650880	744111	925066	1031702	1129264	1198826	1334368
540020	650979	751833	927780	1034156	1129265	1198827	1334370
553700	650990	765024	934802	1035202	1130661	1198828	1340952
568117	651153	780128	946735	1041247	1133368	1198831	1342133
568118	652392	793660	951483	1050436	1135179	1198832	1353524
568119	673115	805497	951466	1050532	1135180	1209508	1383291
568120	688179	808945	959022	1050677	1137331	1209509	1390519
575781	686180	821947	960703	1057795	1151830	1215770	1398093
589508	686181	834627	964987	1070838	1154941	1221513	1398094
599046	686297	835439	964988	1075712	1156297	1227017	1398095
604945	687853	826341	991505	1075713	1156298	1240572	1398096
606324	689809	826342	992631	1075714	1164109	1241998	1398779
614433	700435	844593	992632	1075715	1174672	1243163	1397780
622204	708331	860238	992633	1091996	1176913	1300954	1369470
630210	717355	880195	992634	1096337	1179829	1305741	1375128

### 80 PRIZES £5 GOLD EMBLEMS

81093	503386	875825	1355874
102992	503400	875826	1355875
104392	522202	875827	1402823
113317	522274	875828	1428756
131180	540237	888125	1448185
137500	573988	1002600	1462248
144734	583773	1004883	1475714
148130	629919	1062335	1475715
185785	653606	1108376	1491612
252939	658963	1127348	1510226
289472	702500	1185428	1522418
289542	718356	1185602	1527651
210195	784790	1235462	1532790
307811	798452	1238736	1533397
419317	820691	1272010	1554072
419510	841479	1276000	1579430
434433	875412	1291530	1583835
434434	875522	1305137	1633717
457939	875523	1311407	1665796
470803	875524	1330091	1666135





**FREE FRENCH SAILOR** Andre Breton consults Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart, Free French welfare officer. She arranges hospitality for members of forces. Office is at Alliance Francaise, Pitt Street.

## Heard Around TOWN

**TWO** clever young people to marry this Saturday ... Marjorie Proctor, brilliant Science graduate, and George Robbie, who has just gained top pass in finals of Medicine at Melbourne University.

Wedding to take place at St. Philip's Church, followed by reception at Australia. Marjorie's twin sister, Dulcie, to be bridesmaid. Last-minute arrangements for wedding prevent Marjorie going to Melbourne this week for ceremony of conferring degrees.

George is only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Robbie, of Corinya, Wangaratta, Victoria.

In last few years Marjorie has spent much time in the south-west country engaged in studying problem of wheat-growing ... she is research officer in Rural Bank.

**AFTER** marriage this Saturday in Melbourne Sue Gullett and Lieut. Robin Odell will come to Sydney ... en route to New Zealand.

**SAPPHIRE** and diamond ring for Dorothy Grills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Grills, of Guyra, who announces engagement to George Ceruti.

Dorothy comes to town this week to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ceruti, of Mosman.



**MELBOURNE MARRIAGE.** Paymaster-Lieutenant James Welken and his bride leaving Christ Church, South Yarra. Bridesmaid is Helen Weihen, best man Lieutenant Keith Waterhouse, formerly of Sydney.

# INTIMATE GOTTINGS

**FAMOUS** Dutch dancer Darya Collin, who just arrives in Sydney, tells a story that sounds like Oppenheim thriller.

Was in France at time of invasion, escapes in one of last evacuee ships sailing for Saigon ... a day from Capetown and captain of ship declares he is for Vicki and sails to French Congo.

Refuses to go any farther, so ship and passengers are stranded in jungle port for over two months.

Finally takes another small ship and sails down Congo to Rhodesia. From there to Capetown, and then to Dutch East Indies.

Darya makes successful tour of Indies and then comes second escape. Leaves Batavia in small ferry-boat crowded with troops.

Takes ten days to get to Fremantle.

"Trust I can now settle in Australia," she says hopefully.

Will give number of recitals for Red Cross, plans for which are discussed at party given by acting Consul-General for Netherlands, Mr. K. E. van der Mandele, and his wife at home at Pt. Piper.

Meets there the Colin Wyatts, who are great friends of her fiance, Sir James Corry, director of big English shipping company.

Interested to hear that Darya gave many recitals in Holland with Igor Schwesoff, well known to local balletomanes.

**FIVE-YEAR-OLD** Martha Rutledge, daughter of the Tom Rutledges, will attend Diana Allen when she marries Alistair Stephen on June 10.

Ceremony to be quiet one at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and reception at Alistair's home, Elvo, in Cranbrook Road.

Diana is daughter of late Richard Allen, of Christchurch, N.Z.

**MEET** Lady Moxham in town on way to Malayan Records office ... anxious to see if they have any news of her friend, Mrs. Roy Moir, who was in Singapore at time of Japanese invasion.

Tells me that Geoffrey Ian Julien are names chosen by her and Sir Harry for their infant son, who will be christened shortly at St. Michael's, Vaucluse.

Godparents are to be his step-brother, Captain Laurie Moxham, and Mrs. Norman Myer, of Toorak, Melbourne.

**LUNCHEON** party at Prince's for Betty Girling, who celebrates her birthday ... guests are Sue Marriott, Mary Cosgrove, Helen Baldoock and Sheila Brennan.



**INSPECTING DREAM HOME.** Mrs. Claude Vautin (left), Mrs. J. White, and Mrs. Mary Vautin, W.A.A.F. Mary is stationed in Melbourne. Spends few days' leave with parents. Her father is Squadron-Leader Vautin.



**FOR A GOOD CAUSE.** Mrs. Richard Dowling (right) makes a purchase to swell funds for Bundles for Britain and Australia. Mrs. John Brunton and Helen Williams help with her choice.



**LUNCHEON PARTY.** Kathleen Haseler (left) and Mary Woods celebrate their birthdays at Prince's. Mary is 21 and Kathleen is 20. Their friends are hostesses.



**KEEPING THE SCORE.** V.A.'s Ida Hertzberg (left) and Joyce Lazarus at the Lawn Tennis Association's exhibition match for Red Cross at White City.

**INTRIGUED** by collection of lovely articles being sold by committee of "Bundles for Britain and Australia." Sales take place every day at Prince's and Romano's.

"Bundles" just celebrates its first birthday.

Highlight of year is distribution of 80,000 garments in Australia in last three months.

Most of clothes go to country, where evacuee camp centres have been set up, to refugees from New Hebrides, and to those who sought sanctuary here from Malaya and Far East.

**REMEMBER** walking competition at recent "Rise Above It" dinner dance at Prince's ... It was such a success that committee have decided to repeat it at dance on June 9 for Industrial Blind Institution.

Also plans old-fashioned Monte Carlo, the prize to be bottle of champagne.

Betty



**CELEBRATIONS FOR TWO.** Marjorie Nall and her fiance, Squadron-Leader Hugh Birch, D.F.C., dine at Prince's after they announce engagement. Marjorie is busy with trousseau shopping as wedding will take place shortly.



# Mrs. Bartlett visits her Red Cross Dream Home



MRS. M. BARTLETT, winner of the Dream Home, unlocks the gay red front door of the house, while her granddaughter, Kathleen, hugs the candy-pink striped chair-cushion. The bedspread is the same material, organza Brown, waits excitedly to see inside. Rounced, and the carpet a soft blue.



WITH HER SON JACK, constructional engineer, just back from Singapore, Mrs. Bartlett pauses by the hearth in the living-room to admire the eau-de-nil walls and chiffon curtains, and the flowered linen upholstered chairs. She said she felt quite at home already.



ON THE PATIO, Mrs. Bartlett invited the electrician, Mr. Harry Frazer (left), and painting contractor, Mr. Vic Sprod, to tea. Wrought-iron chairs and glass-topped table make durable furniture for patio.



CALLERS CAME from all around to offer their congratulations to Mrs. Bartlett when she paid her first visit to the Dream Home. This stable door, in the breakfast-room, thrilled her, as she has always wanted one. Stove and washing-up machine are electric.



THE NEW OWNER voted the kitchen perfect. Here she examines the refrigerator. Stove and washing-up machine are electric.



"I MUST TRY out my new mirror," said Mrs. Bartlett when she came to the main bedroom. The dressing-table Rounce of blue damask matches the bedspreads.



# MR. COLLINS

has written a number of successful plays," Shawn was going on. "The last was awarded the Drama Plaque—perhaps you remember? You have been so kind to me that it occurred to me that your Woman's Club might be interested in having Mr. Collins speak to them—"

Beside me Jimmy muttered, "Why, you low-down double-crossing—I!" and then it was too late. Mrs. Spencer had borne down upon him. Of course the Woman's Club wanted Mr. Collins—they would be delighted—she was delighted—she was endlessly grateful to Mr. Cosgrave for thinking of it, to Mr. Collins for consenting, to both of us for bringing him to her. How long would Mr. Collins be in Nashville?

That, Shawn said, speaking for the speechless Jimmy, depended upon a number of things. Several days possibly. He had hesitated because of the very shortness of time and yet he was certain that, to an organisation such as he knew the Woman's Club possessed under Mrs. Spencer's able generalship—here he bowed gallantly—nothing was impossible.

Mrs. Spencer rose to the bait. Of course it could be arranged. She would call a meeting of her committee that very evening. Should they say in two days? And would Mr. Cosgrave suggest—that after a glance at Jimmy's wooden face—an afternoon or evening meeting? It would be under the auspices of the Little Theatre Movement.

It was then for the first time that Shawn definitely showed his hand. "The time doesn't matter," he said. "All I ask is that the audience be approximately the same as the day I spoke and that John Phillips be there."

It was like a douche of cold water. Mrs. Spencer rallied first. Uncertainly she said, "Why, Mr. Cosgrave, I believe there's more to this than you're telling! You're up to something!"

Shawn only smiled. He said nothing.

But Jimmy did. All the way home.

In the matter of vocabulary he made it plain that he yielded to no man—unless possibly to Shawn (the suggestion is my own) who in moments of emotional stress invariably lapses into Gaelic. But Jimmy's English rocked the car so that presently I put my hands across my ears and held them there.

He refused to be placated. He said unpleasantly, "If you'll tell me what being shanghaied into talking to a bunch of women has to do with solving murder—"

"Little enough," Shawn told him with a sigh, "save as a cry for bringing the populace together."

Which view of his importance rather took the wind out of Jimmy's sails. He remained silent for a moment, his mouth slightly open; then he swallowed hard. "Okay—if that's the way of it."

It appeared to be my opportunity. I seized it. I said, "But Shawn, John Phillips wasn't there the other time. Why must he be there now—Oh!" A very excellent reason for his appearance had occurred to me. But Shawn shook his head.

"He's not the murderer, if that's what you're meaning."

Unconsciously my nails were digging into my palms. Once there had been two hundred, any one of whom might have been the murderer, and then, by what rules of Shawn's and the sergeant's elimination I could not guess, there had been but four. Now that four had been still further reduced and it was one out of three.

One out of three and those three my friends, Martha and Dorothy and Norma. One of them, according to Shawn, was a murderer; one of them had handled cyanide.

I couldn't bear it any more. I said, "Shawn! Do you know?"

His face was lost in shadows, but I could feel his eyes turn to me. He said, "No. But I have guessed."

Bewildered, I protested, "But last night you said—"

"That was last night. I was wrong. I know it now."

I said, "But how can you know now?" and held my breath for the answer. It came.

"Because I've remembered where I saw Tom Robertson's ring."

But beyond that, and in spite of our urging, he refused to go. Oh, he did, on Jimmy's insistence, admit

he'd suspected Phillips last night because they'd pretty definitely established the fact that the poison employed in all three deaths had been sodium cyanide. It was the form of cyanide commonly used by jewellers for cleaning silver.

Because it had a legitimate business use, there was no difficulty in obtaining it.

I said, "But, Shawn—John Phillips wasn't at the tea. He couldn't have killed Chatty!"

He gave me a quick sober glance. "Darling, I've said 'couldn't' and 'can't' to myself until my ears are sick with the sound of them. And now you've put me face to face with the bitterest 'can't' of all: the element of time."

"Time!" Jimmy said. "But that's the straightest thing you've got to deal with!"

"You think so?" Shawn asked mournfully. "Then listen. By Phillips' way of it, Chatty Phillips didn't know of those earrings until she called at the store on her way to



A SNOW-WHITE bozy swagger coat of real sheepskin with deep pockets and a snug hood.

the Woman's Club luncheon. She made two telephone calls—one to Robertson, the other presumably to her murderer—and then went directly to the hotel."

He paused here, impressively, and Jimmy said, "Well?"

"She was poisoned at the tea somewhere before five o'clock," Shawn resumed slowly, "by means of cyanide-saturated sugar introduced into her tea. You, Kit!" he swung on me. "You've saturated sugar lumps. How long did it take them to dry for handling?"

"A—A day, I think," I said out of a mouth that was all at once dry and stammering. "Or it might have been half a day—I don't remember. It depended on how wet they were."

"Good lord!" Jimmy said. "Then that sounds as though—"

"Someone was ready for murder," Shawn finished grimly.

Jimmy was quicker than I. He said, "Look here! Was this Phillips woman the one the cyanide was meant for?"

Rigid with mounting horror, I heard Shawn's voice, even and passionless. "That's where we've all gone wrong. It wasn't meant for her. It couldn't have been. But it was ready—for someone—and at the threat of exposure—" His hand went down in an expressive gesture.

I said in panic, "But John Phillips might have led, mightn't he?"

"But he didn't. I'm guessing that he staked his life upon that tale and our belief in it. And who are we to say whether or not he bought it too dearly?"

Now, when I look back at the days that intervened between our interview with Mrs. Spencer and the actuality of that evening programme, it seems that we were waiting eternally upon the upturn of an ebbing tide.

Little recollections run, kaleidoscopically, through my brain. Jimmy conducting endless experiments with medicine droppers, Aunt Lide's almond-flavored and lumpy of sugar. Shawn sunk in the

depths of a deep chair and a deeper depth of melancholy. Jimmy trailing after me, his pockets bulging with copy paper and eager questions on his lips.

"Why don't I stick with the old boys on this? Because there aren't any dramatists nowadays. Heaven only knows I don't call myself one. Hack writers, that's what we are, walking a giddy tightrope between the failures of Broadway and the successes of Hollywood—"

Sergeant O'Connor grumbling, "I don't say you're not right. But how're you going to prove it? I hate these messed up murders. Now it's straight Lower Town, it'd be a gun or a knife and I'd know who to look out for, but when it's Upper Town and cyanide—!"

Aunt Lide puttering restlessly about the lower rooms. "I'm not one to criticize, my dear, but I do think this programme is a mistake. It would seem to provide another opportunity for murder."

Norma on the telephone. "What on earth is your husband thinking of—getting that awful policeman to check on things that happened ages ago? Suppose I was in the jewellery store workshop—I wasn't alone. Chatty was there, and Mart and Doty and we went to see about setting that cameo that Ted's mother brought from Rome. I didn't know that jewellers used cyanide and I certainly didn't go there to steal it!"

Martha on the telephone. "Well, they can say what they want to, but so far as I'm concerned the thing is settled. It was Eve who killed Tom and Chatty and then committed suicide. It couldn't have been anyone else. She had the motive and she made the opportunity. I can't say that I blame her either. If Chatty'd been making eyes at my husband—"

Darien Greene sitting on the very edge of one of Aunt Lide's petti-point chairs. "Mr. Cosgrave, a lawyer in pursuit of his profession frequently finds himself among strange bedfellows. Certainly I was in Lower Town last night, but I insist upon my right to keep my client's secrets inviolate."

Dorothy Judson at the door asking for Shawn and then bursting into quick and passionate sobbing. "But I have to see him! He's got to tell the police to leave Art alone. He didn't do it—he loved her, I tell you. I've always known it and if I haven't minded—He had to have something—you can't take away a man's pride and leave him nothing. And he's been a failure at so many things."

Shawn in the long nights, walking—walking back and forth, up and down, the trail of his travail flecked with the light and shadow that streaked between the meshes of the undrawn curtains. "It'll be trickery, Kit, heaven help me. But it's the one way I'm knowing to make an end of it. And we've need of an ending. For there's none so ruthless as he who kills for self-protection. And then kills and kills again—"

The early morning newspaper that screamed in indecent front page headlines: "Phillips held in Bethune robbery. Manager tentatively identified as man who planned job."

But, oddly enough, the papers were wrong. He was not held. He was released at once upon bail furnished by ex-Judge Richards, one of the executors of Chatty Phillips' estate.

I said to Shawn, "I think it's completely insane. Why should he rob his own store?"

"Her store," Shawn corrected darkly. "It's not the same."

"But surely Judge Richards wouldn't go his ball unless he thought he was innocent."

"He's not innocent," Shawn said shortly. "He's guilty as can be and the judge knows it. But it suits me to have him walking the streets a free man." He smiled, thin-lipped. "And don't be thinking it's his wish either. If John Phillips had his way, the goal door'd be double-barred and he behind it this minute—safe."

I stared. "What are you trying to tell me?"

"That which Phillips knows to the last cheese-paring of his soul: that the moment the papers proclaimed him instigator of that robbery, that moment his life was forfeit."

"Forfeit!" The word lay dreadfully between us. I couldn't speak for a moment; it seemed that as a spectator I was standing aside, watching the processes of my own

Continued from page 5

body, seeing my eyes dilate, feeling the muscles of my throat draw to tautness.

"You—you let him go," I said at last. "That was why."

He bent his head. "Judas had his price. John Phillips had none."

"This is what you meant by trickery," I said at last in a voice I scarcely recognised for mine. Shawn moved at that as though to take me in his arms but I stepped back. "Don't," I said. "Don't touch me. Not now—"

Norma and Dorothy and Mart.

The tide was on its upward turn. Even now, when I try to resurrect them, the exact details of that evening refuse me. I remember dressing somehow; of passing Shawn, unspoken, upon the stairs; of watching Jimmy shuffle, lips moving, through a pack of scribbled notes.

I know that at the last minute Aunt Lide wouldn't go and that I found myself alone in the back seat of the big car which Shawn was driving with an un-Shawn-like caution.

The place of the programme had been moved from the Warner Building to the parlors of the Nashville Arms. Members of the Theatre Guild, dressed in trailing chiffons and pale-hued crepes, were at the door to welcome us. In the long rooms tall baskets of flowers had been arranged to form the background for an improvised stage. Chairs, informally grouped, faced it.

At the far end of the room stood the tea-table, draped with lace, centred with flowers, laden with silver and crystal. I shuddered, involuntarily, at sight of it.

We took seats at the front and slightly to one side so that the entrance door and more than half of the audience were within our sight.

To my surprise the room filled rapidly. I'd forgotten the place the Woman's Club held in the social life of Nashville. And, too, I'd forgotten the pull of curiosity. At the last meeting, much like this one, murder had been done. There was just a chance that at this one, too

U NBEARABLE tension seemed to press upon me. I had the urge for constant movement. My fingers twisted at my handkerchief. Within my slippers my very toes were restless. I smiled and bowed and when there was need I talked—goodness known how sensibly—and all the time my eyes were on that far doorway—they were straining to see—

They came, one after the other. Norma, alone, aloof, in the iciness of blue slipper satin. Mart in the daring brilliance of scarlet, topping Darien Greene by half a head. Dorothy slipping in her shabby tweed coat topping a shabbier green crepe whose side placket gaped between hooks, straining over her increased bulk.

Mrs. Spencer, wearing black lace, was moving toward the stage. In a minute now I knew she would be introducing the director of the choral which was to provide the opening numbers.

With the sound of her voice my tension eased. Whatever was coming to us was on its way, relentless as the Juggernaut, and nothing I could do or say could alter its coming. I took one last look about me. All the actors of our little drama were present. Even John Phillips had just come in with Judge Richards and now lounged against the opposite wall. Behind him, dimly discerned across the lobby's width, I caught a glimpse of the sergeant.

I haven't the remotest idea of how long Jimmy talked that night or of what he said. I know that there was applause as he finished and that Mrs. Spencer was gracious in her closing remarks. And then Shawn's hand closed upon my elbow and we were moving across the room toward the place where John Phillips stood alone.

He seemed surprised to see us and a little distrustful. He said disagreeably, "I suppose you're my new chaperon, Cosgrave? But I don't get it! If I'm free, why are you fellows keeping the strings on? And if I'm not—"

"You're not," Shawn told him shortly. "Now, shut up, will you? And come along."

Please turn to page 19

## Revival of "The Count of Monte Cristo"

Adventure serial on radio

"The Count of Monte Cristo," one of the world's greatest adventure stories, is again being put over the air.

It is in serial form and is being broadcast from Station 2GB five nights a week.

AS a novel "The Count of Monte Cristo" has been one of the best sellers of all times; on stage and screen it has drawn huge audiences, while the radio dramatisation some years ago was probably the outstanding broadcast of the year.

The success of the dramatisation did not depend on the book itself. Probably never before, and with few exceptions since, has a radio serial been given such a lavish presentation. During the 130 quarter-hour episodes, 182 characters appeared. In addition to the large supporting cast, many hundreds of actors were assembled for the presentation of crowd scenes. The result was a show both spacious and real.

While "The Count of Monte Cristo" is probably the greatest story of revenge ever written, the experiences of young Edmond Danté on the island prison of Chateau d'If, his friendship with the old Abbe, and his final escape constitute a novel in themselves.

Another thing, in spite of the fact that the story opens in the year 1815 and is set in a Europe that has known twenty years of suffering while Napoleon marched and fought back and forth across the Continent, there is something so

modern about it that a listener might imagine that it is describing contemporary events.

So real are the characters, too, and so modern the plot, that it might be happening to-day. Certainly, only radio with many quarter-hours at its disposal in which to present the story can do justice to the variety of situation and the drive of the plot.

In the opening episodes already broadcast, Edmond Danté's 20-year-old sailor has returned to Marseilles after a long voyage during which the captain has died. To carry out his dying captain's orders, Edmond has stopped at the island of Elba to deliver a package to the exiled Emperor Napoleon. It is from this letter that all his subsequent troubles and adventures develop.

"The Count of Monte Cristo" is broadcast from 2GB at 6.15 every Monday to Friday night

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
SESSION FROM 2GB  
EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, June 3.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 4.—Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, June 5.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, June 6.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, June 7.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, June 8.—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, June 9.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.



# Murder for Tea

Continued from page 18

**B**UT Phillips hung back. He said querulously, "Come along? Where? What do you mean? What are you up to?"

Shawn's glance was oblique, his voice a caress. "And what ever would I be thinking, avick, but of your safety—"

The word "safety" did it. John Phillips came to heel. I knew it and I knew, too, that it was a lie. Shawn didn't care whether he was safe or not. He only wanted to use him. What was that old saying?—"the bleating of the kid excites the tiger." That was what Shawn wanted him for, as bait for a tiger.

Who was that tiger?

I found myself trembling as we crossed the floor.

It's queer how people shift and gather within a crowd. They were waiting for us, all that was now left of my crowd—the Greens and Norma, talking languidly to Jimmy, and Dorothy with a hangdog air behind her. And on the edge of the group was Dr. Hunter, looking anxious, and Judge Richards and his wife and Mrs. Spencer. Even Bishop Maitland.

The group about the serving table was lessening but no one among us seemed inclined toward food. Mrs. Richards, under the spell of Mrs. Spencer's importunity, broke first. The Judge followed. Mrs. Spencer took Jimmy's arm with firmness. Norma, deserted, looked quizzically at Art Judson and said, "Shall we try it?" Dorothy had vanished.

I found Darien Greene at my elbow; he said wistfully, "I could do with a cup of coffee. How about you?" and Shawn nudged me gently forward. I glanced over my shoulder. John Phillips was laughing at something Martha was saying. They moved after us.

Couple by couple we were served and re-drafted together. Mrs. Spencer had established herself beneath the windows. Jimmy stood beside her. The others grouped around.

No one was eating. Plate after plate, almost untouched, lay along the window ledge. The men were beginning to smoke. Beside me, Martha had searched out one of her own cigarettes and now stood, turning a slender cylinder between her fingers. John Phillips laid his plate upon the table behind him and proffered a lighter. She shook her head, smiling faintly.

Opposite, Norma was trying to strike a match with her thumb-nail and in the resulting laughter it seemed that some of my own fears were quenched. Abruptly my legs felt weak. There was a chair near me and I sank into it.

Because I did I saw that other thing. Everyone's attention was riveted upon Norma, who, flushed and laughing, still struggled with the match. When I would have stood again, I felt strong hands close upon my shoulder. I looked up into Jimmy's face.

"Tired, Kit? Then, stay where you are—"

He let me go again, and as he did so, faintly to my right, I heard the clink of something falling upon china. I turned my head. Jimmy's hand was coming away from John Phillips' plate and in his hand I could see two lumps of sugar—

Yet there were two lumps upon the plate!

For one instant the blood came pounding into my throat. Then, meeting Jimmy's eyes, I drew a long breath. It was all right, of course. It was simply Shawn's way of keeping his word, making sure of that safety he had promised. Jimmy was acting under orders, that was all.

It was with a distinct sense of security that I saw John Phillips, still talking to Martha, reach backward for his plate. I saw him lift the sugar, drop it in—

And then faintly the odor came to me. The odor of bitter almonds.

To be concluded

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with the help of **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **MR. ROARK:** And his Secret Service men, has smashed the Octopus Ring, a gang of international spies. But **THE OCTOPUS:** Mysterious head of the gang

whom nobody has seen, is believed to be still at large. Having seen the spies safe in custody, Mandrake leaves Secret Service Headquarters with Lothar and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, and visits a howling alley to which two thugs have followed him. NOW READ ON:

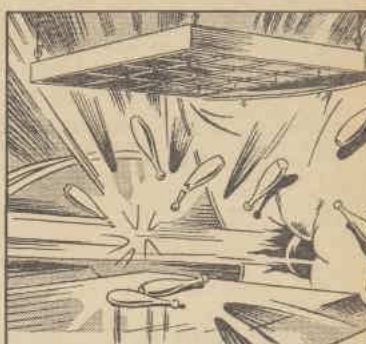


IN A BOWLING ALLEY...

OH, DEAR, MISSED AGAIN.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME. YOUR TURN, LOTHAR, ROLL THE BALL JUST LIKE NARDA DID.

ME GOT BETTER WAY.



WHEW! THINK WE BETTER TACKLE HIM, WITH THAT BIG GUY ALONG? HE'S A POWDERHOUSE!

TO A BULLET, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE HOW BIG A MAN IS!

I'LL PAY THE DAMAGES. LOTHAR THOUGHT HE WAS PLAYING BASE-BALL.

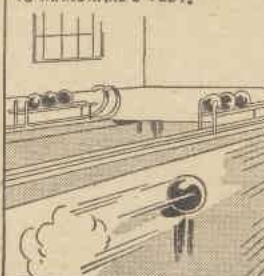
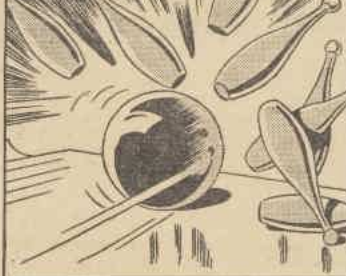
NOW, THE EXPERT'S GOING TO SHOW US HOW!



HE THROWS THE BALL--IT SPINS DOWN THE ALLEY, HITTING ALL TEN PINS--AND THEN--

THE BALL WHIRLS AROUND AND SPINS UP THE ALLEY--BACK TO MANDRAKE'S FEET!

CLOSE YOUR EYES, MAYBE YOU'LL HIT ONE.



THE MAGICIAN THROWS THE BALL--IT HITS THE TEN PINS, KNOCKING THEM HIGH IN THE AIR--

--THE PINS FLY OVER THE SMALL PARTITIONS AND KNOCK DOWN ALL THE PINS IN THE ALLEYS ON BOTH SIDES!

I USED TO BE ABLE TO KNOCK DOWN SIX ALLEYS AT ONCE, BUT I'M OUT OF PRACTICE.



WATCH OUT, SISTER, DON'T BREAK YOUR ARM.

HOW ABOUT A DATE, BABY?

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU'VE BEEN BOTHERING US EVER SINCE WE CAME INTO THIS BOWLING ALLEY. NOW--IF YOU DON'T WANT TROUBLE, GET OUT!

MANDRAKE, DON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE--LET'S GO!

I DIDN'T MIND THEM PESTERING ME--BUT WHEN THEY STARTED WITH YOU--I'M GOING TO TEACH THEM A LESSON!



TO BE CONTINUED



## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

### ★ DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

Emlyn Williams, Sara Seegar. (British National.)

HERE is a real spine-chiller based on a story by Frances Beeding, involving three murders and one suicide.

The plot is quite well worked out and there is plenty of action, but there are many blatant inconsistencies, and the dialogue is weak and unconvincing in spots.

The main interest in the film is the brilliant acting of Emlyn Williams, who plays a dual role so exceedingly well that the audience will never suspect until the connection is made clear.

The supporting cast is small but competent, although its performance is completely overshadowed by Williams.

Romantic leads are Sara Seegar and Hugh Williams, who are both quite pleasant, and Marius Goring is good as the young schoolmaster. —Civic; showing.

### ★ BLACK LIMELIGHT

Raymond Massey, Joan Marion. (Universal.)

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" is a mystery-melodrama that makes pretty morbid fare for these times.

It is the story of a woman's dramatic fight to save the life of her faithless husband. Accused of a murder which his wife feels confident he didn't commit, the erring husband turns fugitive and leaves the wife to face damning public opinion and grueling police questioning.

Raymond Massey as the accused man gives a splendid performance, and receives good support from Joan Marion as the wife and Walter Hudd as the lawyer. —Civic; showing.

### Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

### ★ SIERRA SUE

Gene Autry, Fay McKenzie. (BEF.)

ONCE again Gene Autry hits the trail to adventure, and this time the theme is slightly different.

The Western setting is the same, of course, but the plot deals with Autry's fight against a poisonous devil weed which is ruining the cattle country around Sierra City.

The musical numbers are above average, and are headed by the tuneful hit, "Sierra Sue."—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

### MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER

Kent Taylor, Frances Langford. (Universal.)

WITH a fairly capable cast, it seems incredible that any show could be quite so dull.

The old story of the reporter who is sent on a nationwide manhunt for a murderer is dragged out again.

In the role of nightclub entertainer Frances Langford gets an opportunity to sing a couple of numbers, and Claire Dodd briefly sings one chorus. Shemp Howard turns in a neat little bit of comedy, and John Litel is a suave villain, but the material is very poor. —Capitol and Cameo; showing.

## Cable news from studios!

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

PROCEEDS from the Anzac garden party at Warren William's home amounted to 14,000 dollars (approx. £4200), which will be divided equally to provide comforts for General MacArthur's men and the Anzacs. The scene was one of unprecedented gaiety, with Rudy Vallee, master of ceremonies, auctioning bottles of champagne, assisted by Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce and Cecil Kellaway.

Australian actress Shirley Ann Richards in a rose-patterned dirndl frock represented Miss Anzac and Joy Howarth, looking very smart in black chiffon, helped with the afternoon tea. Highlight of the party was the "Hit Hitler" stand, as stars vividly hitting the balloon-covered face.

ELEGANT ex-favorite Ann Harding is planning a comeback and has just signed a contract with Metro.

RITA HAYWORTH has won an uncontested divorce from Ed. Judson on the grounds of cruelty. Previously Judson brought counter suits demanding half their community property.

JOHN BARBAYMORE is desperately ill with hypostatic pneumonia, but is given an even chance to survive. He was stricken suddenly while rehearsing a broadcast, and rushed to hospital, where

### Shows Still Running

- ★★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama. —Liberty; 24th week.
- ★★★★ Pimpernel Smith. Leslie Howard in enthralling adventure. —Lyceum; 13th week.
- ★★★★ How Green Was My Valley. Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatization of book. —Embassy; 9th week.
- ★★★★ Sergeant York. Gary Cooper in superb true story of World War I hero. —Regent; 6th week.
- ★★★★ Dumbo. Enchanting feature cartoon from Disney, starring baby elephant in circus tale. —Plaza; 4th week.
- ★★★★ The Little Foxes. Bette Davis and superb new cast in brilliant, merciless drama. —Century; 3rd week.
- ★★★★ Turned Out Nice Again. George Formby in broad farce. —Victory; 9th week.
- ★★★★ Babes on Broadway. Exuberant musical for Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. —St. James; 6th week.
- ★★★★ Bahama Passage. West Indian romance in glorious technicolor, starring Madeleine Carroll, Sterling Hayden. —Prince Edward; 4th week.
- ★★★★ Corsican Brothers. Douglas Fairbanks in Dumas' swashbuckling adventure. —Mayfair; 2nd week.



ROBERT TAYLOR AND WIFE, Barbara Stanwyck, work from the same script as they wait with director Roger Pryor for their cue at a Screen Guild radio show. They donated their salaries from this programme to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

brother Lionel and daughter Diana keep a constant vigil, and sister Ethel, who is in New York, keeps in constant touch by telephone. Lionel is carrying on the radio show in his place.

FOX studios are hoping to obtain the services of Richard Greene for their English production of their new submarine story, "Crash Dive."

ERROL FLYNN hopes to join the U.S. Army at the completion of his current film, "Gentleman Jim Corbett," based on the life of the famous prizefighter.

LEW AYRES is now wearing the private's uniform of the U.S. Army, and in accordance with his wishes will probably be placed in the Medical Corps.

JOHN GARFIELD has entered a court petition to change his name legally from Jacob Garfinkel to his assumed screen name.

MAE WEST will return to the screen in her own production of "Catherine the Great," and has announced that she would like John Boles to play one of the several leading men.

BETTY GRABLE recently underwent an operation to remove an inflamed lymphatic gland which was caused by an injury while dancing.

QUIET ceremony at Las Vegas when Priscilla Lane wed Lieutenant Joseph Howard, an air force bombardier in the U.S. Army. They first met at home of John Barry, to whom Priscilla was engaged last year.

RICHARD ARLEN has lent his flying school and planes to Paramount for their new film, "Lady Bodyguard," but as the Government now forbids take-offs the planes will be appearing in ground scenes only.

## New film on Tobruk

### Shortage of male actors

From VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

I interviewed the Columbia producer, Harry Joe Brown, who is making a film, "Salute to Sahara," starring Brian Aherne and Glenn Ford.

BROWN said the story is based on facts supplied by the British Ministry of Information, which lent him the diary and personal effects of Lieutenant Frank Bryce Stanton, a British officer who died defending a desert outpost. The action of the film takes place around a waterhole outside Tobruk.

(N.B.: The fact that Tobruk is in the Libyan desert, not the Sahara, and that the nearest natural water is 90 miles away evidently doesn't bother Hollywood one bit.)

The story deals with the fight for water between the Nazis and the British, with a background of tragedy, excitement, and humor, and is enacted by an all-male cast comprising two Australian characters and the rest British.

Discussing the possible shortage of leading men, Brown added: "I expect half our actors to be in service within a year, but am not worried that they will disappear from the screen altogether as I think some arrangement can be worked out with the Army and Navy to release actors for short periods—say, eight weeks, in order to make films."

"This scheme has already been successfully tried in England, and Laurence Olivier, Robert Newton, and David Niven have been borrowed from the forces to make films."

"I feel sure the services of the United States will co-operate in the same way, as Hollywood's tremendous duty of uplifting the morale is well recognized."



"MY AUTOGRAPH" . . . a pleasure! Mickey Rooney puts on a little horseplay with the doorman at Ciro's for the amusement of his wife, Ava Gardner. This is Ava's first night out after her recent appendix operation.

THE advertisements in this issue referring to goods covered by the Clothing Control Order have been sanctioned by the Minister for War Organisation of Industry on account of the impossibility of withdrawal due to technical difficulties.

## The GREATEST ADVENTURE ROMANCE OF ALL TIMES

### "The COUNT of MONTE CRISTO"

Monday to Friday 2GB 6.15 p.m.

It's Your Screen Magazine of the Air . . .

## "SCREEN NEWS"

A guide to the shows . . . news of the stars . . . and novel competitions

2GB

Broadcast on the hour of 10 every Monday to Saturday morning



# Fashion PATTERNS

F2239.—Lovely evening gown with cross-over bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3337.—Simple sporty frock with tailored yoke, 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3316.—Sophisticated tunic style with flattering shoulder-line. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3210.—Tailored frock with front fullness in the skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2240.—The ever-popular shirtwaist frock. 30 to 36 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1758.—Attractive style with slim-fitting bodice and full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2241.—Smart dressmaker suit garnished with fringe. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:  
\* Write your name and full address in block letters.  
\* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes.  
\* State size required.  
\* For children state age of child.  
\* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F3337

F2240

F1758

F2241

F2239

F3316

F3210

## Special Concession Pattern GAY HOUSE FROCKS

No. 1.—Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide.  
No. 2.—Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide.  
No. 3.—Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and 2½yds. braid.

## CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d stamp one month old, 3d. extra.  
Send your order to "Pattern Department," to address in your State as under:—

Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 402P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 288A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
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Candid Cameras tell the truth.  
Keep your complexion lovely with

**Rexona**  
MEDICATED SOAP



**HOW NEEDLESS**—the embarrassment of a dull, drab complexion! Most likely clogged pores are causing the trouble. Rexona Soap is made specially to float poisons out of these pores... to tone up sluggish skin. No other soap contains Rexona's valuable medicaments. Why don't you try it? You'll love that delicate fragrance and Rexona will freshen your complexion and keep it clear and healthy.

10¢  
PER  
TABLET

REXONA SOAP is medicated with Cetyl and in addition contains—Oil of Cassia, Oil of Cloves, Oil of Terebinth, Boric Acid—oil recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X.15.39

## Of course I take a Laxative



THAT ACCOUNTS  
FOR MY LOVELY  
CLEAR SKIN

Do you long to have a lovely clear complexion? Bright eyes? Lots of energy? Then start a course of Beecham's Pills to-day. They are so simple to take, harmless, gentle, yet always effective. Many people keep themselves fit with Beecham's Pills. For over ninety years Beecham's Pills have been the supreme remedy for Constipation, Biliousness, Digestive Upsets and Poor Skin... The Golden Rule of Health. You can get Beecham's Pills everywhere.

My laxative is

**Beecham's  
Pills**

Worth a Guinea a Box

## Fashion FROCK SERVICE

The "KATHLEEN" suit  
and  
tailored blouse.



**YOU** won't be able to resist the sleekly tailored "Kathleen" suit or the classic little blouse that teams so perfectly with it.

You can obtain this attractive outfit from our Fashion Frock Service, ready to wear or traced all ready for you to cut out and make yourself, and the prices are absurdly modest.

The suit is obtainable in a British wool material in shades of grey (mid), sage-blue shadow, granite (mid-brown) and rose, and also in a very heavy woven sports linen suiting in red, navy, pale blue, sage-blue, airforce-blue, natural, grey, white, sunset-pink, and deep dusty-pink.

The blouse is available in good quality crepe-de-chine in white, blue, pink, green, and lemon.

### PRICES, ready to wear:

Woolen suit, in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 45/6; blouse, 17/6; complete outfit, 59/6. Sizes 38, 40-inch bust, suit, 48/6; blouse, 18/11; complete outfit, 65/-. Postage 1/3 extra.

Woven linen suit, sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 38/6; complete outfit, 52/6. Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, suit, 42/6; complete outfit, 58/6. Postage 1/3 extra.

### PRICES traced ready to make yourself:

Woolen suit, in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 32/8; blouse, 11/6; complete outfit, 41/-. Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, 36/6; blouse, 12/3; complete outfit, 47/6. Postage 1/2 extra.

Woven linen suit, sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 27/6; complete outfit, 37/6. Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, suit, 29/6; complete outfit, 38/6. Postage 1/2 extra.

**How to obtain "KATHLEEN."** In N.S.W. obtain postal note for the required amount and send to Box 3488, G.P.O., Sydney. In all other States use addresses given on the pattern page in this issue. Ask for "KATHLEEN."



## SCALP BURNING?

'Danny Dandruff' is busy!

Burning dandruff itch means scalp infection! To get lasting relief, you must strike at the cause and kill the queer bottle-shaped dandruff germ.

## LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

—the same antiseptic you've always used for oral hygiene and general home use—is the proved treatment for dandruff. It kills the germ and gets quick results. Douse it on and rub well in. Add a little olive oil if scalp is too dry. Instantly burning and itching stop, ugly scales disappear as if by magic, your scalp and hair are invigorated.

In three sizes, 1/7, 3/2, 6/-

★ ★ ★ ★  
Listerine tooth paste lasts longer, saves money and is the only dentifrice that contains the Antiseptic oils of Listerine itself.



## Pigeons taught doctor about 'Vitamins'

Ever since there has been food there have been vitamins, but their existence was merely guessed at. In 1911 a young doctor experimenting with pigeons, discovered that they quickly developed neuritis and became paralysed if fed on rice from which the husk had been polished away. On restoring the husk to their diet, they as quickly recovered. The doctor realised that there was some vital element in the crude cereal that was lost in the "polishing." He called this element "Vitamin" and a new word entered the world that was to have great importance.

Since then, the vitamin found so richly in rice and wheat grain has been labelled Vitamin B1. It is this vitamin which is seriously lacking in modern diet, due to machine methods of "refining." Yet Vitamin B1 is the key to good appetite and digestion, to bowel regularity and nerve force.

For maximum health of the whole body, it is essential to restore the Vitamin B1 to your daily food—and this is easily done by taking Bemax with your breakfast cereal or milk.

Bemax is a pleasant, flaky, tonic food, made from pure wheat embryo. It contains enough Vitamin B1 in a single tablespoonful to make up the daily quota which doctors say we all need, as well as Iron, Phosphorus, and Manganese. Bemax strengthens the bowel muscles, puts paid to constipation, indigestion, and "nerves."

Bemax is obtainable from Chemists and Stores. The 3/6 tin lasts a month. Send a card for free booklet "Vitamins and Health" to B. Max (Dept. P 25), P.O. Box 367988, Sydney.

## Backache, Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them; nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing aching backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, and dizziness. The genuine DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS restore to strained, overworked kidneys their full power of filtering the dangerous kidney poisons from the blood, and discharging them from the system.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 48 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today—the remedy that will make you well and keep you well.



# Cosy woollies to knit for the tinies

## Darling frock for the three-year-old miss

● You see this smartly-designed little hand-knit at right. Note panel front that looks as if it is decorated with insertion. Just follow directions which are given below.

**MATERIALS:** Paton's Azulea crochet and knitting wool. Quantity, 500s. Beehive knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12; three small buttons, a stitch-holder.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 17 ins.; width all round at underarm, 22 ins.; length of sleeve from underarm, 31 in.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 71 stitches to the inch in width.

### THE FRONT

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 137 stitches.

**1st Row:** Knit plain. Repeat this row 15 times.

**17th Row:** K 52 (p 3, k 3) five times, p 3, k 32.

**18th Row:** K 1, p 51, \* k 3, p 1. Pick up the thread lying between the next 2 stitches and knit (this will now be termed make 1 throughout). k 1, m 1, p 1, repeat from \* four times, k 3, p 51, k 1 (147 stitches).

**19th Row:** K 52 (p 3, k 3) five times, p 3, k 52.

**20th Row:** K 1, p 51 (k 3, p 1, m 1, k 3, m 1, p 1) five times, k 3, p 51, k 1 (157 stitches).

**21st Row:** K 52 (p 3, k 7) five times, p 3, k 52.

**22nd Row:** K 1, p 51 (k 3, p 1, k 1, slip 1, k 2 tog, pass, k 1, p 1) five times, k 3, p 51, k 1 (147 stitches).

**23rd Row:** K 52 (p 3, k 1, k 3 tog, k 1) five times, p 3, k 52.

**24th Row:** K 1, p 51 (k 3, p 1, k 1, p 1) five times, k 3, p 51, k 1.

**25th Row:** Like the 17th row.

**26th Row:** Like the 18th row.

**27th Row:** K 2 tog, k 50 (p 3, k 5) five times, p 3, k 50, k 2 tog.

Continue working in pattern, decreasing once at each end of the needle in every following 12th row until 121 stitches remain.

Work 13 rows in pattern without shaping.

In the next row (k 2 tog.) twenty-two times, work in pattern to the last 44 stitches (k 2 tog.) twenty-two times.

Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** (K 1, p 1) eleven times, work in pattern to the last 22 stitches (k 1, p 1) ten times, k 2.

Repeat this row ten times.

**13th Row:** (K 1, p 1) eleven times.

(p 3, k 3) five times, p 3 (k 1, p 1) ten times, k 2 (77 stitches).

Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, p 27 (k 3, p 1, m 1, k 1, m 1, p 1) three times, k 3, p 27, k 1.

**2nd Row:** K 28 (p 3, k 5) three times, p 3, k 28.

**3rd Row:** K 1, p 27 (k 3, p 1, m 1, k 1, m 1, p 1) three times, k 3, p 27, k 1.

**4th Row:** K 28 (p 3, k 7) three times, p 3, k 28.

**5th Row:** K 1, p 27 (k 3, p 1, k 1, slip 1, k 2 tog, pass, k 1, p 1) three times, k 3, p 27, k 1.

**6th Row:** K 28 (p 3, k 1, k 3 tog, k 1) three times, p 3, k 28.

**7th Row:** K 1, p 27 (k 3, p 1, k 1, p 1) three times, k 3, p 27, k 1.

**8th Row:** K 28 (p 3, k 3) three times, p 3, k 28.

Repeat from 1st to the 3rd rows once.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 65 stitches remain.

Work 9 rows in pattern without shaping, then 4 rows in plain smooth fabric.

In the next row k 22, place these stitches on a stitch-holder, cast off 21 stitches, knit plain to the end of the row.

Work on the last 22 stitches as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, purl to the last 2 stitches, k 2 tog.

**2nd Row:** Knit plain. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows three times.

**9th Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

**10th Row:** Knit plain. Cast off.

Join in the wool at the neck edge and work the other side to correspond.

### THE BACK

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 137 stitches. Work 16 rows in garter-stitch (i.e., every row plain).

Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** Knit plain.

**2nd Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1. Continue working in plain smooth fabric, decreasing once at each end of the needle in the 11th and every following 12th row until 121 stitches remain. Work 13 rows without shaping. In the next row (k 2 tog.) 21 times, k 17, k 2 tog, k 18 (k 2 tog.) 21 times (78 stitches).

Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row. Repeat this row 12 times.

**13th Row:** K 41 turn, place the remaining 37 stitches on a stitch-holder. Work on the first 41 stitches as follows:

**1st and Alternate Rows:** K 4, p 36, k 1.

**2nd Row:** Knit plain.

**4th Row:** K 38, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1.

**6th and 8th Rows:** Knit plain.

**9th Row:** K 4, p 36, k 1.

Decrease once at the beginning of the next and every alternate row until 35 stitches remain, at the same time making a buttonhole as before in every 16th row.

Work 18 rows in plain smooth fabric without shaping, keeping the border of 4 stitches in garter-stitch at the neck edge (3 buttonholes).

In the next row, cast off 17 stitches, knit plain to the end of the row.

Work 4 rows in plain smooth fabric. Cast off.

Join in the wool at the neck edge, cast on 4 stitches for the under-lap and work to correspond with the other side, omitting the buttonholes.

### THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 56 stitches.

Work 9 rows in garter-stitch.

**7th Row:** \* K 1, p 1, repeat from \* to the last 2 stitches, k 2.

Repeat the 7th row seven times.

**15th Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

**16th Row:** K 1, \* k 1, three as one in the next stitch, repeat from \* to the last stitch, k 1 (83 stitches).

**17th Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

### LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working border at opposite end.

### BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 98 sts. Work 9 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

**1st Row:** K 30, moss-st. 38, k 30.

**2nd Row:** P 30, moss-st. 38, p 30.

**3rd Row:** Repeat 1st row.

**4th Row:** P 30, k 2 tog., moss-st. 34, k 2 tog., p 30.

Continue to decrease 1 st. each end of the moss-st. band every 4th row and when work measures 11 in. shape armholes by casting off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Continue to decrease every 4th row in moss-st. band until decreased to 60 sts.

**Next Row:** Work 20 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 20 sts., work 20 sts.

Continue on last 20 sts., add cast. off 10 sts. at neck edge of the next row. Work 1 row. Cast off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work 9 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

**1st Row:** K 15, moss-st. 18, k 15.

**2nd Row:** P 15, moss-st. 18, p 15.

**3rd Row:** K 15, moss-st. 18, k 15.

**4th Row:** P 15, moss-st. 18, p 15.

**5th Row:** K 15, moss-st. 14, k 17.

Continue to work 1 more st. each end in moss-st. (2 less in moss-st.) every 2nd row until all sts. are in moss-st. When work measures 11 in. k 2 tog. each end every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

### YORK

Join the sleeves to the back and fronts, leaving the top of sleeve (28 sts.) free.

With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, cast on and k 34 sts. on each front, 28 sts. on each sleeve, and 60 sts. across back (182 sts.).

Work 17 rows rib 1, k 1, p 1.

**Next Row:** \* rib 4 sts., cast off 4 sts., rep. from \* to last 4 sts., rib 4 sts.

**Next Row:** Rib 4 sts., \* cast on 2 sts., rib 4 sts., rep. from \* to end.

Work 1 row rib. Cast off knitting 2 sts. tog. all along the row.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew on buttons. Thread ribbon through ribbon loops.



OUR PRETTY little model looks quite pleased with herself in her pretty blue frock, doesn't she? Knit it in any shade that best suits her coloring — and the season!



HUNDREDS of thousands of people have found the simple habit of having a cup of hot Horlicks last thing at night before bed has made all the difference between broken, restless sleep or wakeful tossing and deep tranquil sleep.

Horlicks will help you to get the deep, sound sleep that is truly restoring. Horlicks has such a soothing and quietening effect. In addition, it has the advantage of being highly nourishing, and so easy to digest that it puts no strain on the stomach during sleep. Horlicks is made from malted barley, wheat and full-cream milk — one of the best protective foods.

Horlicks is rich in protein, fats,



**HORLICKS** for deep restful sleep

### For Your Emergency Store

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely, even after opening, if the tin is replaced tightly.



## When baby goes avisting ...

## Matinee jacket of distinction

● Below is pictured this snug and lovely garment featuring a circular yoke.

THE original was made in baby-pink, but white or blue would look just as fetching on baby, and, incidentally, keep him (or her) just as snug.

**Materials required:** 2 balls "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof baby wool (pink); 1 pr. No. 10 needles; 1 yds. ribbon 1 in. wide.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 11 ins. Width all round, 18 ins. Length of sleeve seam, 4 ins.

**Tension:** 8 sts. 1 in.; 16 rows, 1 in.

### RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 69 sts. Work 9 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

**1st Row:** Moss-st. 5, k 15, moss-st. 34, k 15.

**2nd Row:** P 15, moss-st. 34, p 15, moss-st. 5.

**3rd Row:** Repeat 1st row.

**4th Row:** P 15, k 2 tog., moss-st. 30, k 2 tog., p 15, moss-st. 5.

Continue in pattern, decreasing 1 st. each end of the centre band of moss-st. every 4th row, keeping 15 sts. each side in moss-st. and the 5 border sts. in moss-st. When work measures 11 in., continue to decrease each end of the moss-st. band every 4th row and shape armhole by casting off 2 sts. at armhole edge of the next row.

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

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**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**

**Work 1 row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. When decreased to 33 sts., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then 4 sts. every 2nd row twice.**



# AN AIR RAID WARDEN

but he wasn't always  
on the "Alert"!



I was on duty at the Emergency Post the other night and got the shock of my life! I wanted to do my bit but nobody seemed very helpful—always busy or something!



I stepped outside for a smoke and overheard one of the coves say, "Phew, it's less stuffy now old John's gone out. Somebody ought to tell that bloke about Lifebuoy!"



Boy was I glad of the darkness! No wonder I hadn't been getting that friendly helping hand! Believe me, from that night I made sure my baths were Lifebuoy baths.



I must have been *crazy* not to have tried Lifebuoy before. What clouds of rich creamy lather! REAL protection against "B.O." And talk about mildness—my wife wouldn't use any other soap now!



Well, it's a different story lately. After duty these nights we all go to one another's homes for tea and a smoke. No more feeling out of things—I'm *really* "one of the boys" now!



## LIFEBOUY

Better than ever!

NOW ONLY ONE KIND OF LIFEBOUY—THE  
BEST—IN THE CARTON YOU'VE  
KNOWN SO LONG.

Still the one soap specially  
made to prevent "B.O."

Full marks to  
**RINSO'S  
THICKER,  
RICHER,  
SUDS**  
for a first-  
rate wash

**R-I-N-S-O STANDS FOR WHITER  
WHITES AND COLOURED THAT  
STAY FRESH AND PRETTY**

THOSE RINSO  
SUDS KEEP YOUR  
SILKS SWANKY, TOO—  
WOOLLIES SOFT AS  
DOWN!

I WAS A  
DUNCE NOT TO KNOW  
RINSO MAKES GREASY  
WASHING-UP SIMPLE  
AS A-B-C

**Rinso**  
THICKER,  
RICHER,  
SUDS

**RINSO IN 2 SIZES**  
Buy the Giant packet  
and save money



## Cream ODO-RO-NO Stops PERSPIRATION

Don't trust your daintiness to less than the best! It costs no more, takes no longer to use.

- Smooth as satin, it is not gritty.
- Non-irritating, may be used before or after removing hair from the underarm.
- Non-greasy, will not stain clothes, or otherwise harm them.



1/1 and 2/2

## CHAPPED HANDS



Chapped hands, roughened by wind and irritated by housework, are unsightly and painful. Restore their natural, smooth softness with IODEX, the non-irritating, no-stain iodine ointment. Chronic cases quickly respond. IODEX is also excellent for both broken and unbroken chilblains.

PRICE 2/-, from all chemists

**IODEX**  
NO-STAIN IODINE

## Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlax Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

## Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, limp or ragged—if he is listless, won't eat or is out of sorts—start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powder. He will soon be leaping and racing with his old healthy appetite. BARKO tones up a dog's whole system and brings his coat back to its best.

1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

## Now, a knitted suit for sonny

THIS outfit will keep your 3- or 4-year-old snug against the chilliest weather. Note the length of jumper, neat collar, the way the ribbed finish to the trousers hugs to the legs.

**Materials:** 9oz. Paton's 4-ply Super Scotch fingering wool; the original was worked with 8oz. grey (shade 68) and 1oz. blue (shade 02417). Two No. 3 "Beehive" knitting needles. Three buttons.

**Measurements:** Jersey. Length from top of shoulder, 15ins. Width all round at underarm, 25ins. Length of sleeve from underarm (with cuff turned up), 11ins. Trousers: Length of front seam, 9 1/2ins. Length of leg seam, 3ins.

**Tension:** 61 sts. to the inch.  
**Abbreviations:** K, knit plain; p, purl; tog, together; wl, fwd., wool forward; wrn., wool round needle; wl, bk., wool back.

### THE JERSEY (Front)

Using the grey wool, cast on 76 stitches.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1; repeat from \* to the end of the row. Repeat this row seven times, decreasing one stitch at the end of the last row.

**9th Row:** Knit plain.

**10th Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1. Repeat the 9th and 10th rows once. \*\* Break off the grey wool. Join in the blue. Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, slip 1, \* k 2, slip 1, repeat from \* to the last stitch, k 1.  
**2nd Row:** K 1, wl, fwd., slip 1, wl, bk., \* k 2, wl, fwd., slip 1, wl, bk., repeat from \* to the last stitch, k 1. Break off the blue wool. Join in the grey.

**3rd Row:** Knit plain (taking care to keep the slip-stitches straight).

**4th Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1. \*\* Repeat from \*\* to \*\* three times, increasing one stitch at the end of the last row.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric until the work measures 10 1/2ins. from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of each of the next two rows. Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 62 stitches remain.

Work 3 rows without shaping. In the next row k 28 (k 1, p 1) twice, k 2, turn. Work on these 34 stitches as follows:

**1st Row:** (K 1, p 1) three times, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

**2nd Row:** Knit plain to the last 6 stitches (k 1, p 1) twice, k 2. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once, then the 1st row once.

**6th Row:** Knit plain to the last 6 stitches, k 1, p 1, wrn., p 2 tog., k 2.

Repeat from the 1st to the 6th row twice.

**19th Row:** Cast off 9 stitches, k 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

**20th Row:** Knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog., k 1.

**21st Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

Repeat the 20th and 21st rows three times, then the 20th row once.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, purl to the last 7 stitches, turn.

**2nd Row:** Knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog., k 1.

**3rd Row:** K 1, purl to the last 13 stitches, turn.

**4th Row:** Knit plain to the end of the row. Cast off.

Cast on 6 stitches and knit the remaining 28 stitches on to the end of the same needle.

Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, purl to the last 2 stitches, k 2.

**2nd Row:** Knit plain.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows eight times, then the 1st row once.

**20th Row:** Cast off 9 sts., k 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the end of the row.

**21st Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

**22nd Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the end of the row.

Repeat the 21st and 22nd rows twice, then the 21st row once.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the last 7 stitches, turn.

**2nd and 4th Rows:** Purl to the last stitch, k 1.

**3rd Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the last 13 stitches, turn.

**5th Row:** Knit plain. Cast off.

### THE BACK

Using the grey wool, cast on 76 stitches. Work exactly as given for the front until 62 stitches remain.



THIS LITTLE CHAP was so proud of himself in this suit that he cried when it was taken off! Let us hope that your wee lad will not want to wear the one you make for him both day and night.

Continue without shaping until the armhole measures the same as the front armhole, ending with a purl row.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

**1st and 2nd Rows:** Work to last 7 sts., turn.

**3rd and 4th Rows:** Work to last 13 sts., turn.

**5th and 6th Rows:** Work to last 19 sts., turn.

**7th Row:** Knit to end of row. Cast off.

### THE SLEEVES

Using the grey wool, cast on 24 stitches.

**1st Row:** Knit plain to the end of the row, cast on 2 stitches.

**2nd Row:** K 1, purl to the end of the row, cast on 2 stitches.

**3rd Row:** Knit plain to the end of the row, cast on 1 stitch.

**4th Row:** K 1, purl to the end of the row, cast on 1 stitch.

Repeat from the 1st to the 4th row three times, then the 3rd and 4th rows twice (there should now be 52 stitches on the needle).

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, decreasing once at each end of the needle in the 17th and every following 12th row until 42 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 11 1/2ins. from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

In the next row \* k 5, k 2 tog., repeat from \* to the end of the row. Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat the 1st row thirteen times.

**15th Row:** Knit plain.

**16th Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

Repeat from \*\* to \*\* as given for the front, four times. Repeat the 1st row four times.

Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

### THE COLLAR

Using the grey wool cast on 61 stitches.

**1st and 3rd Rows:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the last stitch, k 1.

**2nd Row:** K 1, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

**4th Row:** K 1, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the last 6 stitches, p 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) twice.

**5th Row:** K 2, p 1, k 1, knit plain to the last 4 stitches, k 1, p 1, k 2.

**6th Row:** (K 1, p 1) twice, purl to the last 4 stitches (p 1, k 1) twice.

**\*\*7th Row:** K 2, p 1, k 2, join in the blue wool, k 2 (slip 1, k 2) sixteen times, join in a ball of grey, k 2, p 1, k 2.

**8th Row:** (K 1, p 1) twice, p 1, break off the grey wool, k 2 (wl, fwd., slip 1, wl, bk., k 2) sixteen times, break off the blue, p 1 (p 1, k 1) twice.

**9th Row:** Like the 8th row (taking care to keep the slip-stitches straight).

**10th Row:** Like the 8th row \*\* Repeat from \*\* to \*\* three times, then the 8th and 9th rows twice. Cast off.

### THE TROUSERS, LEFT LEG

Using the grey wool, cast on 78 stitches.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat the 1st row seven times.

**9th Row:** K 1, increase once in the next stitch, knit plain to the last 3 stitches, increase once in the next stitch, k 2.

**10th Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

Repeat the 9th and 10th rows until there are 92 stitches on the needle.

Decrease once at the end of the needle in every alternate row, at the same time decreasing once at the beginning of the needle in every following 4th row until 83 stitches remain.

Still decreasing at the beginning of the needle in every 4th row, decrease once at the end of the needle in every 6th row until 78 stitches remain. Decrease once at each end of the needle in every 6th row until 70 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping for two inches, ending with a purl row. Shape for the back as follows:

**1st Row:** Knit plain to the last 22 stitches, turn.

**2nd and Alternate Rows:** Purl to last stitch, k 1.

**3rd Row:** Knit plain to the last 30 stitches, turn.

**5th Row:** Knit plain to the last 38 stitches, turn.

**7th Row:** Knit plain to the last 46 stitches, turn.

**9th Row:** Knit plain to the last 54 stitches, turn.

**11th Row:** Knit plain to the last 62 stitches, turn.

**13th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog., k 1. Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row. Repeat this row six times.

**8th Row:** K 2, \* wl, fwd., k 2 tog., p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the last 2 stitches, wl, fwd., k 2 tog. Repeat the 1st row three times. Cast off.

### THE RIGHT LEG

Using the grey wool, cast on 78 stitches.

Work exactly as given for the left leg until there are 92 stitches on the needle.

Decrease once at the beginning of the needle in every alternate row, at the same time decreasing once at the end of the needle in every fourth row until 83 stitches remain.

Still decreasing at the end of the needle in every 4th row, decrease once at the beginning of the needle in every 6th row, until 78 stitches remain.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in every 6th row until 70 stitches remain.

Work 2ins. without shaping, ending with a plain knitted row, decreasing one stitch at the beginning of the row.

Shape for the back as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, purl to the last 22 stitches, turn.

**2nd and Alternate Rows:** Knit plain to the end of the row.

**3rd Row:** K 1, purl to the last 30 stitches, turn.

**5th Row:** K 1, purl to the last 38 stitches, turn.

**7th Row:** K 1, purl to the last 46 stitches, turn.

**9th Row:** K 1, purl to the last 54 stitches, turn.

**11th Row:** K 1, purl to the last 62 stitches, turn.

**12th Row:** Knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog., k 1.

Work the ribbing as given for the left leg. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP THE SUIT

With a damp cloth and hot iron press carefully. Sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams of the jersey. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew the collar in position, placing the ends to the edges of the front-opening. Sew the 6 cast-on stitches in position on the wrong side. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Sew up the front, back and leg seams of the trousers. Thread elastic through the holes at the waist.

It is well worth while to devote special attention to this matter of "finish." It can make all the difference to the final result.

## USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



Cuticura Soap is a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap combining in one big tablet the soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura, with the mildest most beautifying soap base ever devised.

The richly emollient and refining lather of Cuticura Soap penetrates the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spoiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. Your complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty. To heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath dress all over with supreme Cuticura Talcum.

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## Cuticura SOAP

## Rheumatism and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Take Cystex and You'll Feel Fine.

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—ends all troubles due to faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Disincline, Circles under Eyes, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, go to your chemist today for Cystex and be fit and well next week.

### Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful, or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles:

- (1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
- (2) Gets rid of health destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
- (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

### Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles, although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it." (Sgd.) M. L. Zentel, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

### Now Able to Walk Without Stick

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back, in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint." (Sgd.) J. McPherson, Nangbaine Station, N.S.W.

### Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours, and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now!

New in 3 sizes—1/2, 4/4, 6/6.

## This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Remedy

for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism



CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING

7 (104) 35



# KNITTED SIREN SUIT . . . for home and travel

HERE'S the newest, cosiest, and most sensible suit that ever came off the knitting needles for the young fry. It can be slipped on over nightie, undies, or pyjamas in a jiffy.

So handy for train or car travel; splendid for night journeys. Great, too, for early morning wear in the home.



PURL STITCH makes the attractive diamond pattern on this snug siren suit. Quite simple to make. By the way, wide elastic is threaded through inside loops at waist of trousers. Only buttons used are those you see on the jumper, which slips over the head.

MOTHER or big sister can knit this snug suit for the young six - to - eight - year-old with ease, for it's only plain and purl with ribbing at waist and wrists of jumper and at waistline and ankles of the trousers.

Worked in Tolem wool it will wear well and keep your young hopeful snug against the chilliest weather.

**Materials:** 1lb. 8oz. Paton's Tolem knitting wool; 2oz. Tolem knitting wool in a contrasting color; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 9 needles; 5 small buttons. Elastic.

**Measurements:** Sweater: Length from shoulder, 15ins. Width all round under-arm, 26ins. Sleeve seam, 13ins.

**Pants:** Waist, 24ins. Front seam, 11ins. Leg seam, 19ins.

**Tension:** 5½ stitches and 8 rows to 1in.

## PATTERN

Multiple of 10 plus 1 stitch.  
1st Row: P 1, k 9 to last stitch, p 1.  
2nd Row: K 2 (p 7, k 1, p 1, k 1) to last 9 stitches, p 7, k 2.  
3rd Row: K 2 (p 1, k 5, p 1, k 3) to last 9 stitches, p 1, k 5, p 1, k 2.  
4th Row: K 1, p 2, k 1 (p 3, k 1, p 5, k 1) to last 7 stitches, p 3, k 1, p 2, k 1.  
5th Row: K 4 (p 1, k 1, p 1, k 7) to last 7 stitches, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 4.  
6th Row: K 1, p 4, k 1 (p 9, k 1) to last 5 stitches, p 4, k 1.  
7th Row: As for 5th row.  
8th Row: As for 4th row.  
9th Row: As for 3rd row.  
10th Row: As for 2nd row.  
These 10 rows complete pattern. Garments to be knitted in pattern throughout, except for ribbing. Contrasting wool to be used for collar and pocket top only.

## SWEATER (THE BACK)

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 72 stitches and work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 24ins., decreasing 1 at end of last row to 71 stitches. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern for 6 patterns. Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 stitch each end of the needle every alternate row four times (57 stitches). When armhole is 4 patterns deep shape for shoulders by casting off 6 stitches at the beginning of next 4 rows, then 7 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

## THE FRONT

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 72 stitches and rib for 24ins. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern and work 40 stitches, placing remaining stitches on stitch-holder.  
Work 6 patterns, then cast off 3 stitches at beginning of next row. Decrease 1 stitch at armhole edge every alternate row 4 times (33 sts.). Work 2 rows.

**Next Row:** Work 5 stitches, then join in red wool and working on next 15 stitches only work 3 rows of ribbing, then cast off in rib (for pocket top).

Using blue wool, cast on 15 stitches and work in stocking-stitch for 3 inches, ending with a purl row. Place pocket behind work and continue row in pattern from 5 stitches previously worked in blue to end of row taking up the 15 stitches of pocket. Continue in pattern until armhole is 3½ patterns deep, then cast off 9 sts. at neck edge.

Decrease once at neck edge every alternate row 5 times, at the time shaping for shoulder when armhole is 4 patterns deep by casting off 6 stitches twice, then 7 stitches once.

Using the No. 9 needles, pick up 8 stitches overlapping front already worked and work in rib, then continue row in pattern, using 32 stitches from stitch-holder (40 stitches).

Continue for 6 patterns, keeping

8 front stitches in ribbing, and making buttonholes in ribbing by placing wool over needle and working 2 following stitches together 4 stitches in from front edge; the first buttonhole to be 1½ inches from basque, then 2½ inches apart. Shape for armhole and neck as in left front, omitting pocket and keeping 8 stitches in ribbing at front edge. Shape for shoulder as in left front when armhole measures 4 patterns.

## SLEEVES

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 34 stitches and rib for 14 rows.

**Next Row:** P 3 (increase 1 in next st. p 3) 7 times, p 3 (41 stitches). Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, increasing at each end of the needle in the 7th and every following 6th row to 53 stitches on the needle. When 9 patterns have been worked, cast off 2 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 stitch each end of every alternate row 5 times. Decrease 1 stitch each end of every row until 15 stitches remain. Cast off.

## THE PANTS

### (Right Leg)

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 46 stitches and work in rib for 3 inches.

**Next Row:** Working in purl, \* increase once in the next stitch. Repeat from \* to the last stitch, p 1 (91 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern. Work 10 rows.

Continue in pattern, increase 1 stitch at beginning of needle (front edge) on next and every following 8th row, at same time increase 1 stitch at end of needle (back edge) on next and every following 6th row to 117 stitches on needle.

When 12½ patterns have been worked, cast off 4 stitches, at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Work 4 rows, casting off 2 stitches at the beginning of the row at the back edge only.

Work 4 rows even.

Decrease one stitch at beginning of needle (front seam) on next and every following 10th row, and decrease 1 stitch at end of needle (back seam) on next and every following 6th row to 84 stitches on needle. Work 3 rows. Change to No. 10 needles, and work 10 rows in ribbing. Cast off in ribbing.

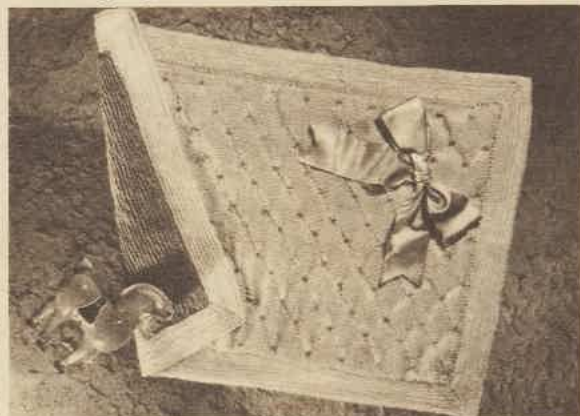
## LEFT LEG

Work to correspond with right leg, being careful to work all shapings at opposite side so that directions are used in reverse.

## TO MAKE UP

Press carefully. Sew pocket and shoulder seams. Leaving 4 stitches each end of neckline, pick up 60 stitches around neck. Using red wool and No. 10 needles, work in rib for 20 rows for collar. Cast off in ribbing. Press. Sew seams of sweater and pants. Make loops on inside of pants and thread elastic at waist. Sew buttons on sweater.

## Snug pram cover for baby



THIS dainty cot or pram cover with its ribbon bow for effect is worked in white, lined in blue or pink. Directions are given below.

● Pretty "butterfly" stitch makes the top; border and lining are simple garter-stitch.

PLEASE use the type of wool specified, otherwise success of this adorable pram cover cannot be guaranteed.

Here are the directions:

**Materials required:** 5 balls "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof baby wool (white); 2 balls "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof baby wool (blue); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 8 and 10.

**Measurements:** Length, 24ins. Width, 18ins.

**Tension:** 9 sts., 2ins.; 13 rows, 2ins. Using No. 8 needles and double white wool, cast on 74 sts. (K into back of sts.). P 1 row.

**3rd Row:** K 1, \* k 7, w. fwd. sl. 2, w. back sl. 1, w. fwd. sl. 2; rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**4th Row:** P 1, \* w. back sl. 2, w. fwd. sl. 1, w. back sl. 2, p 7; rep. from \* to last st., p 1. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows. Work 4 rows st-st.

**11th Row:** K 1, \* w. fwd. sl. 2, w. back sl. 1, w. fwd. sl. 2, k 7; rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**12th Row:** P 1, \* p 7, w. back sl. 2, w. fwd. sl. 1, w. back sl. 2; rep. from \* to last st., p 1. Rep. 11th and 12th rows. Work 4 rows st-st. These 16 rows complete 1 pattern. Rep. last 16 rows 11 times. Cast off.

**Borders:** Using double white wool and No. 8 needles, with right side of work towards you, pick up and k 96 sts. along longest side of work. Work in garter-st. for 1½ins., increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Work the other side to correspond. Work the shortest side in the same way, but pick up 80 sts. instead of 96 sts. Stitch shaped edges together.

## LINING

Using blue wool and No. 10 needles cast on 90 sts. Work in garter-st. for 21ins. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

Sew on lining. Using double blue wool, embroider the sl. sts. as shown in illustration.



## STOP THAT COLD -

FROM SPREADING THROUGH THE HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. Holiday, famous washing expert, gives you a few facts that you probably hadn't thought of. I read somewhere recently that, when a person with a cold sneezes, the tiny cold-infected germ bullets are shot from the mouth at a velocity of 150

feet a second, and they travel as far as 12 feet. And, ever since, I've taken mighty good care to keep out of sneezing distance of my friends with running noses!

Luckily, there are one or two things which help to minimise this risk of infection. But in the household itself there's one big loophole through which germs are constantly passing from one person to another. I mean - through infected clothing.

**PERSIL WILL PURIFY YOUR CLOTHES.**

Now, everyone knows that boiling sterilises such things as sheets, towels and handkerchiefs. But what about the woolly bedjackets, shawls and

coloured things that can't be put into the copper?

Well, that's where our old friend Persil can help. Because, unlike other soaps, Persil purifies clothes in "just warm" water. Simply make sure you use the right amount - one heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water - and the clothes will not only be clean, but purified as well.

You see, Persil is a very special oxygen washer. And oxygen is Nature's greatest purifier.

Remember, too, that no matter how lacy your woollies or how delicate your coloureds, Persil will wash them beautifully and preserve that original loveliness much longer.

When you have a cold in the house, I expect most of you soak the hankies in a solution of salt and water overnight before boiling them. (You'll find one breakfast cupful of salt to 2 quarts of cold water satisfactory.) Don't forget to rinse them thoroughly after boiling, so that they're nice and soft.

I hope that, with good luck, this tip will help to prevent that first "A-tshoo!" spreading through your household!

Mary Holiday



## Twin set for baby

● Comprising jumper and cardigan, plus a jaunty little cap, as worn by our wee model . . . All for you to knit!

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1. Repeat from \* to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.  
**2nd Row:** K 2 tog., \* k 1, p 1. Repeat from \* to the last 2 stitches, k 2 tog.  
**3rd Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the end of the row.  
**4th Row:** K 2 tog., \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the last 2 sts., k 2 tog.  
 Repeat these 4 rows once.  
 Cast off in rib.  
 Work another sleeve in the same manner.

### TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam, leaving 2 inches open at the top of each front seam. Work 2 loops on each seam and sew on buttons to correspond with the loops.

### THE CARDIGAN

**Materials:** 2oz. Paton's baby wool (non-shrink). 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 Beehive knitting needles. Four buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 9ins. Width all round at underarm, 20ins. Length of sleeve from underarm, 7ins.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 stitches to the inch in width.

### THE RIGHT FRONT

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 42 stitches.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat the 1st row once.

**3rd Row:** K 2, k 2 tog., w.r.n., \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat the 1st row seventeen times, the 3rd row once, then the 1st row once, increasing once at the beginning of this row.

Using the No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 2 (p 1, k 1) twice, knit plain to end of row.

**2nd Row:** K 1, purl to the last 6 stitches (p 1, k 1) three times.

**3rd Row:** Like the 1st row.

**4th Row:** K 1, \* w.l. fwd., k 3, pass the 1st of these 3 sts. over the other two. Repeat from \* to the last 6 sts. (p 1, k 1) three times.

Continue working in pattern without shaping, making a buttonhole as before in the 13th and every following 18th row, until 10 patterns have been worked from the commencement. Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 2 (p 1, k 1) twice, k 2 tog., knit plain to the end of the row.

**2nd Row:** Cast off 5 sts., purl to the last 6 sts. (p 1, k 1) three times. Continue working in pattern, decreasing once at the armhole edge in the next and the following alternate row, whilst at the same time decreasing once at the front edge in the 3rd and every following 4th row, until 24 stitches remain.

Continue working in pattern without shaping until 20 patterns have been worked from the commencement.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

**1st Row:** Work to the last 6 sts., turn.

**2nd Row:** Work to the end of the row.

**3rd Row:** Work to the last 12 sts., turn.

**4th Row:** Like the 2nd row.

**5th Row:** Work to the end of the row.

**6th Row:** Cast off 18 sts., (p 1, k 1) three times.

Continue working in rib of (p 1, k 1) on the remaining 6 sts. for 11 ins. Cast off.

### THE LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with the right front, omitting the buttonholes and working the border and shapings at opposite ends of the needle.

### THE BACK

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 80 sts.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat the 1st row 21 times.

Using the No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K plain.

**2nd Row:** K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

**3rd Row:** K plain.  
**4th Row:** K 1, \* w.l. fwd., k 3, pass the 1st of these 3 sts. over the other two, repeat from \* to the last st., k 1.

Repeat from \*\* to \*\* until the back measures the same as the front to the underarm.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Still working in pattern, decrease once at each end of the needle in every row, until 60 sts. remain.

Continue working in pattern without shaping until the armhole measures the same as the front armhole.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

**1st and 2nd Rows:** Work to the last 6 sts., turn.

**3rd and 4th Rows:** Work to last 12 sts., turn.

**5th and 6th Rows:** Work to last 18 sts., turn.

**7th Row:** Work to the end of the row. Cast off.

### THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 50 sts.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat this row for 11 ins.

Using the No. 10 needles, work in pattern, as given for the back, inc. once at each end of the needle in the 7th and every following 6th row, until there are 66 sts. on the needle. Work 11 rows without shaping.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row, until 20 sts. remain. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

### TO MAKE UP THE CARDIGAN

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join together the bands from the fronts and sew to the back of the neck. Sew on buttons to correspond with the buttonholes.

## BABY'S CAP

Easy to make and takes but one ounce of wool!

**MATERIALS:** 1oz. 4-ply Paton's super Scotch fingering wool; 1 pair No. 8 Beehive knitting needles.

**Measurement:** Width all round brim, 13ins.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 stitches to the inch in width.

Cast on 71 stitches.

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1. rep. from \* to the last stitch, k 1.

Repeat this row 25 times, decreasing one stitch in the last row.

In the next row, k 2, \* p 1, k 1. rep. from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat this row 15 times, increasing one stitch at the end of the last row.

**1st Row:** \* K 6, increase once in next stitch, rep. from \* to the last stitch, k 1 (61 sts.).

**2nd Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

**3rd Row:** Knit plain.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows 9 times, then the 2nd row once. Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** \* K 7, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to the end of the row.

Work 3 rows in plain smooth fabric, also after each of the following rows.

**5th Row:** \* K 6, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to the end of the row.

**9th Row:** \* K 5, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to the end of the row.

**13th Row:** \* K 4, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to the end of the row.

**17th Row:** \* K 3, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to the end of the row.

**21st Row:** \* K 2, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to the end of the row.

**25th Row:** \* K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to the end of the row.

Break off the wool and run the end through the remaining stitches, draw up and fasten off securely.

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the seam.

SUZANNE IRENE SIMPSON was in a very playful mood and did not regard the modelling of a twin set and cap as a serious business. As fast as we fixed her jumper and jacket, she'd pull at them, or try to put her toes into her mouth, which, of course, upset the "line." To take her mind off the woolies we gave her a flower to hold. This she promptly ate. The dangle proved a winner, however, and here's the result.

## Directions for twin set

### THE JUMPER

**MATERIALS:** 2oz. Paton's baby wool (non-shrink); 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 Beehive knitting needles, four buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 9ins.; width all round at underarm, 18ins.; length of sleeve from underarm, 6ins.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 sts. to the inch in width.

### THE BACK

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 74 sts.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. repeat from \* to the end of the row. Repeat this row for 2ins.

Using the No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K plain.

**2nd Row:** K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

**3rd Row:** K plain.

**4th Row:** K 1, \* w.l. fwd., k 3, pass the 1st of these 3 sts. over the other two, repeat from \* to the last st., k 1.

Repeat from \*\* to \*\* eight times. Proceed as follows:

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of each of the next 2 rows.

Continue working in pattern, dec. once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row, until 40 sts. remain. Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1. repeat from \* to the last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**2nd Row:** K 2 tog., \* k 1, p 1. repeat from \* to the last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**3rd Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. repeat from \* to the end of the row.

**4th Row:** K 2 tog., \* p 1, k 1. repeat from \* to the last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Repeat these 4 rows once. Cast off in rib.

### THE FRONT

Work exactly as given for the back.

### THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 44 sts.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. repeat from \* to the end of the row. Repeat this row for 11ins.

Using the No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K plain.

**2nd Row:** K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

**3rd Row:** K plain.

**4th Row:** K 1, \* w.l. fwd., k 3, pass the 1st of these 3 sts. over the other two, repeat from \* to the last st., k 1.

Continue working in pattern, inc. once at each end of the needle in the 7th and every following 6th row, until there are 58 sts. on the needle.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 20 sts. remain.

Proceed as follows:



# LOVELY SET FOR BABY

YOU are advised to use the wool specified otherwise success of this jacket and bonnet cannot be guaranteed. Here are the instructions:

## THE JACKET

**Materials Required:** 4 balls "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof baby wool (white); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 7 and 14; 1 yd. ribbon, 1 in. wide; 2 small pearl buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 16 ins.; length of sleeve seam, 5 1/2 ins.

Begin at centre front. Using No. 7 needles cast on loosely 82 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, \* make 3 sts. into next st. by k.p.k., all into the one st. (this will be referred to throughout as k.p.k.), p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

Repeat 3rd and 2nd rows. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows. Repeat 3rd row.

10th Row: K 1, p to last 21 sts., \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

11th Row: K 1, p 20, k to end.

12th Row: K to last 21 sts., \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

Repeat 11th and 10th rows. Repeat 11th and 12th rows.

17th Row: Repeat 11th row.

This completes 1 pattern. Repeat fancy pattern from 2nd row 3 more times (4 lacy and 4 plain stripes), but in the 17th row of last pattern cast on 12 extra sts. at the end of row for shoulder piece. (94 sts.)

1st Row: K 1, \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

7th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

8th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

9th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

10th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

11th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

12th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

13th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

14th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

15th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

16th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

17th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

18th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

19th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

20th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

21st Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

22nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

23rd Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

24th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

25th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

26th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

27th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

28th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

● This adorable jacket and bonnet, featuring a fascinating berry-stitch, will make instant appeal to all young mothers.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

5th Row: Cast off 20 sts. (1 st. on needle), \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, p 72, k 1.

7th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

8th Row: Repeat 6th row.

9th Row: K 1, p to last 21 sts., \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

10th Row: K 1, p 20, k to end.

11th Row: K to last 21 sts., \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

12th Row: Repeat 10th row.

Repeat 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th rows.

17th Row: K 1, \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

18th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

19th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

20th Row: K 1, p to end of row, cast on 20 sts. for 2nd shoulder.

21st Row: K 1, \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

22nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

23rd Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

24th Row: Repeat 22nd row.

25th Row: Cast off 12 sts., p to last 21 sts., \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

26th Row: K 1, p 20, k to end.

27th Row: K to last 21 sts., \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

28th Row: Repeat 26th row.

29th Row: K 1, p to last 21 sts., \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

Repeat 26th and 27th rows. Repeat 26th row. Continue to work in pattern across back, repeating from 2nd to 17th rows inclusive (as given for front) 4 times, but on the 17th row of last pattern cast on 12 extra sts. at the end of row for shoulder piece. Work shoulder and underarm the same as other side, beginning at the 1st row of shoulder piece. When the 33 rows of underarm are complete continue in pattern for the other front, repeat from the 2nd to 17th rows inclusive 3 times, then finish with the lacy stripe (repeat from 2nd to 9th rows inclusive). Cast off loosely on the 9th row. Sew shoulder straps together.

## YOKE

With right side of work towards you, using No. 7 needles, pick up and k 33 sts. along right front, 24 sts. across 1st shoulder, 36 sts. across back, 24 sts. across 2nd shoulder and 33 sts. across left front (150 sts.).

1st Row: K 5 (k 2 tog., k 5) 4 times, k 3 tog., k 18, k 3 tog., k 4, k 2 tog., (k 7, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 3, k 3 tog., k 18, k 3 tog., k 5 (k 2 tog., k 5) 4 times.

2nd and Alternate Rows: K.

3rd Row: P 29, p 3 tog., p 14, p 3 tog., p 32, p 3 tog., p 14, p 3 tog., p 29.

5th Row: K 29, k 3 tog., k 10, k 3 tog., k 32, k 3 tog., k 10, k 3 tog., k 29.

7th Row: P 29, p 3 tog., p 6, p 3 tog., p 32, p 3 tog., p 6, p 3 tog., p 29.

9th Row: K 29, k 3 tog., k 2 tog., k 3 tog., k 32, k 3 tog., k 2 tog., k 3 tog., k 29.

10th Row: K 29, k 3 tog., k 32, k 3 tog., k 29.

11th Row: P 6, wrn., p 2 tog., \* p 4, wrn., p 2 tog., repeat from \* to last 6 sts., p 6.

Change to No. 14 needles and work 5 rows rib of k 2, p 2. Cast off in ribbing.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles cast on 24 sts.

1st Row: P.

2nd Row: K to last st., k twice into last st.

3rd Row: P.

4th Row: P to last st., k twice into last st.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows.

9th Row: K 1, \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last 3 sts., p 3.

10th Row: Repeat 4th row.

11th Row: K 2, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last 3 sts., p 3.

ONE of the coziest sets you could wish for. Just imagine how sweet your cherub will look in this dear little jacket and bonnet! Ribbed cuffs and ribbing at back of bonnet will keep penetrating wind from baby's neck and arms.



12th Row: Repeat 4th row.

13th Row: K 3, \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last 3 sts., p 3.

14th Row: Repeat 4th row.

15th Row: \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last 3 sts., p 3.

16th Row: Repeat 4th row.

Repeat 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th rows twice (36 sts.).

25th Row: K 1, \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last 3 sts., p 3.

26th Row: P.

27th Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last 3 sts., p 3.

28th Row: P.

Continue in pattern without increasing, keeping 1 st. at top as border and 3 sts. at cuff as border, until you have completed this lacy stripe, a plain stripe and another lacy stripe, but in the last p row commence decreasing (by k 2 tog.) at the top of sleeve, and continue to decrease at top of sleeve in the following plain stripe every alternate row as follows:

1st Row (plain stripe): P.

2nd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd Row: P.

4th Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows. Work 1 more lacy stripe decreasing every row as follows:

1st Row: K 1, p 3 tog., \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last 3 sts., p 3.

2nd Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last 3 sts., p 3.

Repeat 2nd row. Repeat 1st, 2nd and 3rd rows. Cast off loosely as for purling. With right side of work towards you, using No. 14 needles, pick up and k 48 sts. for cuff. Work 12 rows rib of k 2, p 2. Cast off in ribbing.

## TO MAKE UP

Join sleeves and insert into coat. Sew 2 small buttons at top of yoke, and work 3 buttonhole loops to correspond. Thread ribbon through neck.

## BONNET

**Materials Required:** 1 ball "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof baby wool (white); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 7 and 10. 1 yd. ribbon.

**Measurements:** Width round face, 10 ins.

Using No. 7 needles cast on 47 sts.

1st Row: P.

2nd Row: K 2, \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

4th Row: K 2, \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

Repeat 3rd row. Repeat 2nd, 3rd and 4th rows. Repeat 3rd row.

10th Row: Cast off 4 sts., k 2, p to last 21 sts., \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

11th Row: K 1, p 20, k to end.

12th Row: K to last 21 sts., \* p 3 tog., (k.p.k.) into next st., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

Repeat 11th row.

14th Row: K 2, p to last 21 sts., \* (k.p.k.) into next st., p 3 tog., repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

Repeat 11th and 12th rows.



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• AS American as Bunker's Hill is chocolate pie on the table. Especially when it is with roast pork, oranges, coleslaw (shredded cabbage to you), and salad. This menu and its main recipes below.

## DINNER FOR A YANKEE

● "Sister, you've got something there," said my American friend. "How to feed Uncle Sam in five easy lessons. They sure sound good to me . . ."

*California—and Connecticut and Kentucky—here I come... Pies and caffee, Yum, Yum, Yum!*

I GUESS many of our American friends would as soon sit at our tables as see the sights of the town . . . Here, when the chowder is served, the pork crackles, the pie is cut, and the fragrance of the coffee bubbles up, they find friendship and good talk and reminiscences of home and mother.

The menus chosen and the special recipes printed are among Uncle Sam's favorites.

### FISH CHOWDER

Chowders are thick cream soups. Milk, fish, and vegetables are usual American ingredients. Oysters, clams, lobsters, and cod are the favorite fish used. Potato, corn, and carrots are the popular vegetables and the usual accompaniments are dinner crackers or dry melba toast.

One pound fish (as cod or snapper), 1 small onion, 2 large potatoes, 3 or 4 rinds from bacon rashers, 2 cups boiling water, 1 dessertspoon butter or bacon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Wash fish and cover with water. Simmer gently for 5 to 6 minutes and drain, reserving the stock. Remove skin and bones from fish. Saute

chopped onions in fat, add bacon rind and cook gently without browning. Remove rind and add diced potato; add fish stock and cook for 10 minutes, and then add fish and cook a further 15 minutes. Stir in blended flour and milk and season to taste. Add parsley and serve with a small spoon of cream on top of each. Biscuit or cheese crumbs may be sprinkled on the cream.

### BUTTERSCOTCH ICE-CREAM CAKE

Two cups ice-cream (home-made or bought round the corner), 1 flat sponge cake (made in a Swiss roll tin), 1 pint cream, 1 tablespoon lemon cheese or fruit puree, 1 cup hot butterscotch sauce.

Split sponge cake in two and spread bottom half with lemon cheese or fruit puree. Whip cream. Keep ice-cream in coldest spot available, and finish off cake just before serving. Spread bottom half of sponge with ice-cream. Top with other half of sponge. Spread whole with whipped cream. Cut into squares and serve. Hand the hot sauce separately.

**Butterscotch Sauce:** One and a half cups sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon butter, vanilla. Melt sugar in heavy pan over slow heat. When light brown in color, remove from heat, stir in water, add butter.

Boil to syrup or until it gives the soft ball test (230 deg. F.) when a

little is dropped into cold water. Add vanilla. Serve hot or cold. Cream may be added if liked.

### CALIFORNIAN CHOCOLATE PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 1 pint milk, 1½ tablespoons arrowroot, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 2oz. chocolate (or 1½ tablespoons cocoa), 1 egg, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2 or 3 drops of vanilla.

Line a pie-plate with pastry. Brush with sugar-and-water glaze or with beaten egg-white. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes or until crisp and golden brown. A pastry design for the top such as stars and stripes may be baked at the same time. Allow to cool. Blend arrowroot with a little cold milk and stir into remainder of milk heated with chocolate, sugar, and lemon rind. Cook slowly for 5 minutes, after mixture has boiled, stirring well. Cool slightly and add beaten egg-yolk and then stiffly-beaten egg-white and vanilla. Pour into pastry case. Chill and decorate top with pastry shapes or chopped nuts or piped cream.

### SWEET POTATO PUFFS

Two pounds sweet potatoes, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons fine brown breadcrumbs.

Peel potatoes, slice and cook in a small quantity of water in tightly-lidded pan until tender. Drain and mash with butter and salt. Add flour, parsley, and half beaten egg. Allow to cool and roll into balls. Brush with egg and roll in crumbs. Deep fry golden brown.

### SHOESTRING POTATOES

Choose very long, large potatoes. Wash and peel. Cut around in fine long strips with knife or special cutter. Soak in cold water for 30 minutes. Drain and dry. Deep fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Drain and season with pepper and salt.

### CREAM MERINGUE PIE

Whites of 4 eggs, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1 pint cream, sliced fruit in season (passionfruit, bananas, berries, peaches), 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.

Stiffly beat egg-whites. Gradually whip in sugar and beat until smooth and stiff. Fold in cornflour, and then vinegar. Grease an 8-inch sandwich tin well and dust with cornflour. Bake mixture in tin in a slow oven (250 deg. F.) for 1½ hours. When quite cold turn out carefully and fill with whipped cream, fruit and nuts. Instead of using fruit egg-yolks may be made into lemon cheese and used as a filling.

### CANDIED APPLE COBBLER

Three apples, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon butter, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 teaspoon brown sugar.

Slice apples, cook slightly in a small quantity of water, and place in pie-plate. Sprinkle with lemon juice and rind, dot with butter, and pour on the golden syrup. Sift flour and cornflour; add sugar, rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with egg and milk. Knead lightly and roll to shape of the pie-plate. Place on top of apples and score across three times, through the dough. Brush with a glaze made from the brown sugar and a little milk. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes and then reduce heat (or change position in oven) and cook further until apples are quite tender. Serve hot or cold.

### Yankee dinners

- (1)
  - Hot Bouillon with Cheese Toast Cubes
  - Roast Pork
  - Orange Slices, Sweet Potato Puffs
  - Buttered Carrots, Shredded Cabbage, Tossed Green Salad
  - California Chocolate Pie
  - Coffee
- (2)
  - Grapefruit and Prawn Cocktail
  - Rib Roast
  - Cauliflower, Hot Beet
  - Browned Potatoes
  - Lettuce and Curled Celery Salad with Cheese Cracker Biscuits
  - Mile-high Chiffon Pie
  - Coffee
- (3)
  - Fish Chowder
  - Breaded Veal Outlets
  - Green Peas, Shoestring Potatoes
  - Parsnip Fluff
  - Browned Tomato Sauce
  - Mixed Green Salad with Radish Fans and Cheese Sticks
  - Butterscotch Ice-cream Cake
  - Coffee
- (4)
  - Tomato Juice Cocktail
  - Roast Lamb
  - Minted Pineapple Slices, Green Peas
  - Browned Potatoes
  - Mushroom Sauce
  - Apple and Celery Salad with Nuts
  - Passionfruit Meringue Cake
  - Coffee
- (5)
  - Cream of Celery Soup
  - Hot Split Crackers
  - Casserole of Seasoned Steak
  - Macaroni in Tomato Purée
  - Potato Crisps, French Beans
  - Salad Greens with Crisp Carrot Straws and Cheese Cubes
  - Candied Apple Cobbler
  - Coffee



## Good Recipes . . .

• They're seasonable, sensible, and economical prizewinners in this week's cookery contest. Try them all!

**MARGARET LINDSAY** serves hot hamburger rolls to her hungry luncheon guests. There is salad, of course — finely-shredded cabbage tossed in light dressing, crisp carrot straws, tomato slices, and long wedges of pickled cucumber. Copy her!



**B**AKED liver stuffed with tart apples and seasoned breadcrumbs is a dish with a full-bodied flavor. It has been larded with bacon rashers and for extra measure sliced tomatoes are placed on top.

The rosella jam has been included as it is a recipe frequently requested every season.

The savory pear suggestions from South Australia are worth noting, especially as our American visitors find fruits delicious with meats. The lemon slice recipe is a luscious dinner sweet that can be prepared long before the meal.

### LAMB'S FRY SUPREME

Carefully slit a lamb's fry along the thickest side for about 3 inches, and fill with following mixture: 1

### For young wives and mothers

#### TRUBY KING SYSTEM

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**M**UCH time and thought are spent by the young mother on beauty culture for her newly-acquired babe.

Nature usually sees to it that the normal, healthy babe is born with a skin of petal-like softness, with clear eyes, and with limbs and body that, if unhampered, will grow straight and strong.

This natural beauty can soon be spoiled through neglect of a few essentials. Wrong feeding can mar the perfection of skin, causing ugly blemishes, and bad habits can soon spoil the shape of mouth and jaw.

A leaflet, "Aids to Beauty for Baby," has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

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cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup stewed apples, little grated onion, sprinkle of herbs, salt and pepper, and 1 tablespoon grated cheese. Bind well with 1 egg. Pack mixture in and fasten with small skewer.

Lay in flat dish with little fat, sprinkle with flour, add a layer of bacon, cover with sliced tomatoes. Bake slowly 1 hour.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. J. Graham, Mitchell St., Wee Waa, N.S.W.**

#### SAVORY PEARS

Serve with boiled mutton or lamb. About 20 minutes before serving place pears in the pot or pan.

Roll pears in egg and breadcrumbs to bake with roast meat instead of potatoes. Or halve pears, sprinkle with cheese and bake with the meat.

When baked with beef serve with red currant jelly in each half pear. Stuffed Pears (minted to serve with veal or roast lamb): Place syrup in which pears were cooked with mint extract. Heat pears in it, cool, drain, place a ball of pimento cheese in centre of each half—core extracted—place a mint leaf on each, and serve.

**Spiced Pears with Roast Pork:** Halve 6 pears. Make a spicy syrup with 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup sugar, and 6 cloves; add some red coloring. Pour liquid on pears; let cook slowly till colored.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Alleyne, 1 Young St., Seacliff, S.A.**

#### ROSELLA JAM

Take 7lb. of rosellas and separate the red leaves from the pods. Put

pod in a saucepan and just cover with water. Allow to simmer for 1 hour, then strain. To this juice add the red husks and boil half an hour, then measure and add 1 cup sugar to each cup of fruit and boil briskly for another half hour. Bottle while still hot and seal down when cold.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Brook, Roadvale, Fassifern Line, Qld.**

#### LEMON SLICE

Two level tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 11 cups self-raising flour.

Beat butter and sugar to cream, add well-beaten egg, then sifted flour. Press out on to greased baking tin and cook in moderate oven till brown. Cool on tin.

Put on to boil 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water and juice 2 lemons. Thicken with 1 tablespoon arrowroot. When cooked, spread on pastry. Then put on to boil 11 cups milk, thicken with 11 tablespoons cornflour, then add 1 level tablespoon butter and 3 tablespoons icing sugar. Beat to cream, spread on top of jelly and sprinkle with coconut.

Cut into squares. This lemon slice is delicious and will keep for a long time.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ron Rofe, 30 Hill St., Camden, N.S.W.**

#### KITCHEN CUTOUTS

##### Basic Recipe No. 4

##### NUT LOAF

**TWO** cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup finely-chopped nuts, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in the butter and add the sugar and nuts. Beat the egg and add with milk to the dry ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 minutes in two well-greased nut loaf tins or in one bar tin. Serve thinly sliced and buttered.

##### Variations

**Wholemeal Nut Loaf:** Use half white and half wholemeal flour and use about 2 tablespoons more milk.

**Raisin Nut Loaf:** Add 1 cup chopped, seeded raisins and 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind.

**Pineapple Nut Loaf:** Add 1 cup shredded, well-drained pineapple.

**Apricot Nut Loaf:** Add 1 cup chopped and soaked dried apricots.



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**TOMATO SAUCE**

**Rosella**

## Miss Precious Minutes says:

**E**VEN though there's no time for sitting on a cushion and being decorative while you sew, every lady has to brush up her sewing hints these days. In mending gloves, have you tried using a thimble inside the finger, like a darning?

**M**ERCY me! . . . Countless mothers sigh over the missing buttons from trousers, suits, coats of their small fry, but here's a button-stay-put tip: Cut out button-size discs from an old leather glove, place under material and then sew on buttons.

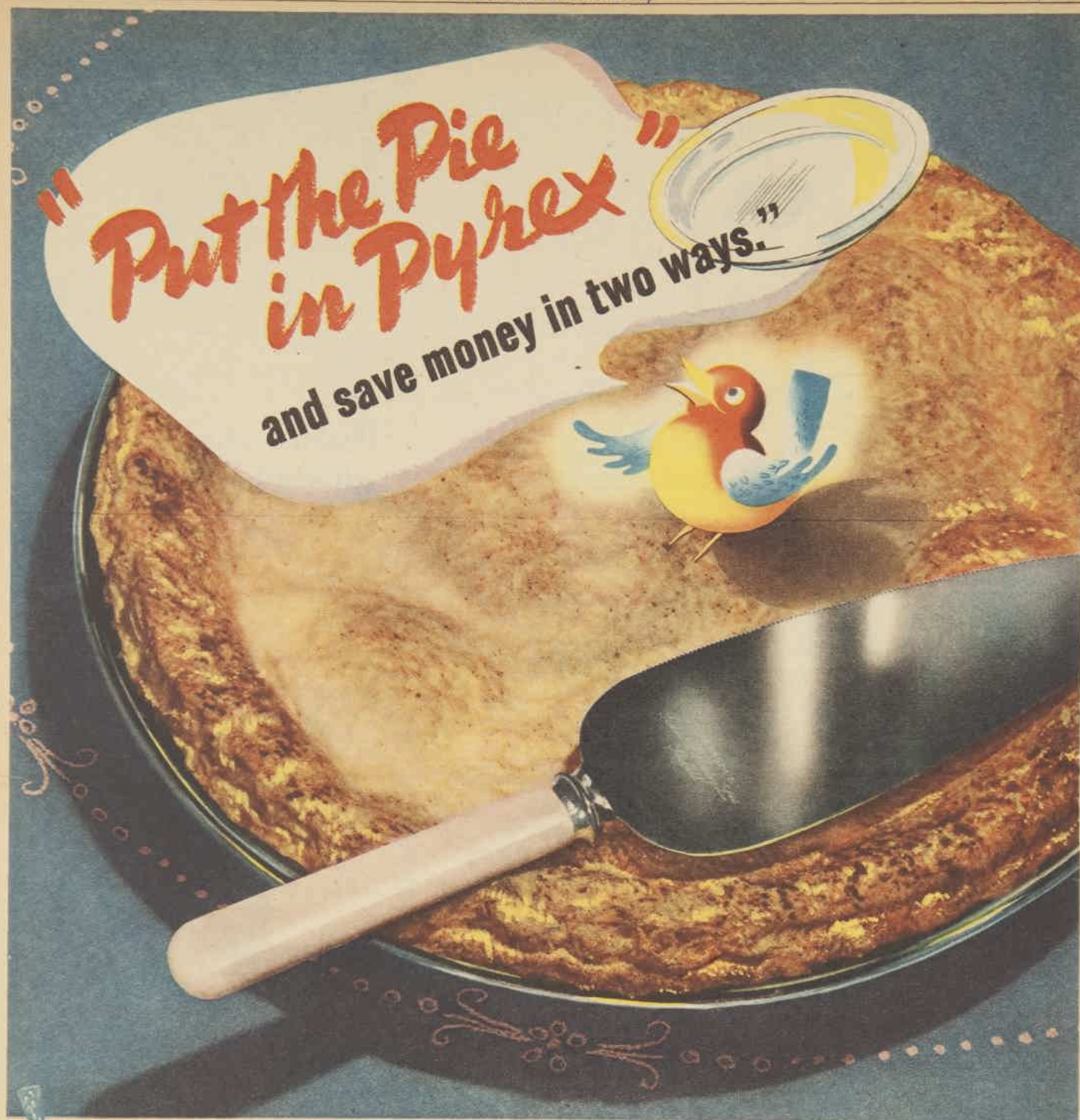
**M**Y busy friend has discovered that a little soft brush is indispensable when washing her girdle. Never let the girdle soak, but wash in warm, soapy water, and rinse well, squeezing as much water out as possible by pressing in a towel. Remember soil deteriorates rubber twice as fast as frequent washing.

**I**T'S NICE of daughter to help mother at week-ends—cooking, bed-making, dusting, and what-not—says Miss Precious Minutes, but for goodness sake don't feather around the place in high-heeled shoes or slop around in slippers.



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